Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-first year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reasoning so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 A year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 206, Order Sons of St. George—Albert Beckhust, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 18, Knights of Maccabees—Robert D. Wilkey, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6579, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dence, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—John T. Allan, President; Patrick F. Reynolds, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B Casey Sullivan, President; Miss Margaret Shea, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 8—President, Mrs. Catharine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs Allan Hempsead. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—John W. Schwarz, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; James C. Walsh, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 161—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Fire at Training Station.

There was a lively fire at the Naval Training Station a little before midnight Thursday night, which partially destroyed an old unused building. The efforts of the fire fighting brigade at the Station brought the flames under control before the building was entirely destroyed.

Building No. 6 is a two and a half story structure which has been used for storage of miscellaneous articles of little value. It has been the intention of the officials to tear it down to make room for new buildings that have been planned. The sentry on duty near there discovered flames issuing from the building at 11.30 and at once gave the alarm. The Station force responded promptly with their apparatus and after a hard fight extinguished the fire without calling for outside assistance. Only the center of the building was burned, the fire being put out before it could communicate with the rest of the structure. The origin of the fire is not known, but the damage is small.

Hon. Melville Bull suffered a paralytic shock at his rooms at the Perry House last week, and is now a very sick man. He has been removed to the residence of his brother, Mr. Charles M. Bull, near the One Mile Corner, and is as comfortable as could be expected. He has rallied somewhat from the effects of the attack and has regained a little strength.

Mr. Patrick Coffey died at his home, on West Broadway on Monday at the advanced age of eighty-seven years. He was one of the first members of St. Joseph's Church, and was one of the founders of the Newport Council, Catholic Benevolent Legion. He is survived by one son and six daughters.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Alice E. Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin E. Brown, to Mr. Edward J. O'Neill. The wedding will take place on June 9.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been president of the New England Woman Suffrage Association from its inception, having been again unanimously elected a few days ago.

The Brenton's Reef Life Saving Station has been closed for the two months' summer holiday allowed the men of the service. They will go on duty again on the first of August.

Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt has lost a valuable bracelet, said to be one of her wedding gifts, and a reward has been offered for its return.

Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen held two meetings on Tuesday evening, the first one being the financial monthly meeting that usually occurs on the first Monday of the month but which was postponed this time owing to the holiday. The second was the regular monthly meeting.

Only routine business was transacted. Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Board of Health,	$1,196 05
Books, stationery and printing,	111 87
City Asylum,	303 69
Fire department,	1,068 05
Incidentals,	290 29
Lighting streets,	3,028 40
Burial grounds,	50 00
Indexing and preserving records,	150 75
Land and other damages,	377 45
Mumford School,	26 00
Newport sick,	1,080 00
Touro Ministerial fund,	16 00
Touro Street fund,	3 81
Touro Jewish Synagogue fund,	88 33
Water supply,	2,560 00
Police,	279 17
Public buildings,	120 87
Public schools,	20,386 78
Streets and Highways,	3,600 54
Tuberculosis home,	3,3 92
Derby fuel fund,	8 68
	$31,900 62

For the committee to arrange for the observance of Independence Day, Alderman Mahoney reported that the committee had organized and was at work on the plans for the day, troops being promised from the Fort and from the Training Station. In response to a query from the Mayor it was announced that the new street signs had been ordered.

A number of applications for fireworks licenses were granted. It was stated that the case brought between the Newport Water Works and the City has been placed on the calendar of the Superior Court and that it might be tried at the session that opens next week.

The meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was a rather busy one, much of the time being devoted to a consideration of license matters. The regular weekly pay rolls and bills were approved, including the bill of Dog Constable Halleck after he had explained some of the items. It was voted that a Jewett piano be purchased from James H. Barney, Jr., & Co., for use in the new Mumford school. A number of licenses were granted to sell fireworks and there was a long discussion over the matter of licenses to sell ice cream of local manufacture.

There has been a very material reduction in the number of boys at the Naval Training Station, some 800 of them having been taken away for distribution among the ships of the fleet. The cruiser Prairie arrived in the harbor on Tuesday and preparations were at once made for transferring the detail from the station. There were 775 of the apprentice seamen taken on board, as well as a number of men of other ratings including musicians and cooks. The transfer was made Wednesday evening, and as soon as all were on board the Prairie at once got under way for her destination. The removal of so large a number of boys made quite a stir at the station, and the day was a very busy one there. Owing to the loss of so many of the most experienced apprentices it has been decided to omit the weekly practice marches through the city for some time until a sufficient number have been sent here and drilled to make a respectable showing.

The special meeting of the town of Jamestown which was to have been held last Saturday afternoon for the purpose of taking action on the matter of endorsing the notes of the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company was adjourned without transacting any business as it was found that the requirements of the law relating to special town meetings had not been complied with. A somewhat stormy session is expected when the meeting is held.

The probate court of Massachusetts has decided that the will of Mrs. Hezron A. Johnson shall be admitted to probate, a contest having been instituted by one of her daughters. It is regarded as probable that the case will be appealed. Mrs. Johnson left three daughters, Mrs. Josephine W. Taylor, Miss Fannie L. Johnson, and Mrs. Alice W. Emmett. Undue influence on the part of a nephew is made the basis for the contest of the will.

Newport had its first experience with tag day last Saturday, when the boys and girls of the city turned out in large numbers under the direction of an efficient committee to dispose of a large number of tags for the benefit of the children's playgrounds. Their success was marked, nearly $1000 being collected. The public responded liberally and the tags were everywhere in evidence.

Miss Helen C. McGowan, who has been for a number of years resident manager of the Newport Opera House, was quietly married on Tuesday to Mr. Arthur Blaine McCrary of Nashville, Tenn., the ceremony being performed at St. Joseph's Rectory.

Memorial Day.

Better weather could not have been asked for than that which marked Memorial Day in Newport this year. It was warm and summerlike, the first real summer day that we have had this year, but still there was a refreshing breeze which brought comfort to the marchers. The observance of the day here was very creditable, the large procession being as usual very imposing, being far beyond what might be expected of a city the size of Newport. There were many strangers here during the day and the season might be safely said to have been opened on that day.

The observance of the day began on Sunday when the graves were decorated by the veterans, and in the evening a stirring memorial sermon was delivered at the First Baptist Church by Rev. Edward A. Johnson, D. D. There was a large attendance of members of the post and other organizations connected with the veterans.

Monday was very generally regarded as a holiday. All places of business that could do so remained closed throughout the entire day, while others closed at noon. The city presented its usual holiday appearance.

The principal events of the day were the exercises at the First Presbyterian Church and the street parade that followed. The parade was one of the largest seen in years. There happened to be an unusually large number of apprentices at the Training Station, awaiting transfer to the ships of the fleet so that that battalion made a very imposing appearance. Then too there was an unusually large number of soldiers of the Coast Artillery, who made a fine appearance in their showy uniforms. The Newport Artillery was as usual spick and span and well drilled, but the Newport Naval Reserves did not turn out. It was a fine procession and everywhere the streets were lined with spectators. Those who came from out of town were amazed at its magnitude and fine appearance.

The services at the First Presbyterian Church were of the usual impressive character, and the church was well filled. The orator of the day paid a high tribute to the brave deeds that were performed by those who have gone before as well as by the survivors.

In addition to the programme under the direction of the members of the Grand Army, there were other features of the day that interested the citizens. There were several ball games in different parts of the city, and all were well attended. Many who were interested in yachting went to Fall River to see the annual regatta of the Fall River Yacht Club, and at that time members of Newport's committee on motor boat races took occasion to talk up the events coming here.

There were many Newporters who went away for the day and those who tried to return from Providence in the evening experienced much difficulty in doing so. The last train advertised to connect through from Providence to Newport missed connections at Fall River by over three quarters of an hour, and the only way to come down was by trolley. Those who figured on coming by the last trolley met still more trying conditions, for the last car had gone long before they reached Fall River, but the Newport & Fall River Street Railway was accommodating enough to send a special car to bring them down. Their experience with the train load of drunks between the shore resorts and Fall River was rather exciting.

Mr. Joseph H. Havens died at his home in Providence on Monday after a long illness. He was born in Newport in 1831, and was for some time a clerk in the Newport Postoffice, finally being made deputy postmaster. He had lived in Providence for something over thirty years. He is survived by a widow who was the daughter of the late George W. Sherman of this city. The remains were brought to Newport for interment on Thursday.

Miss Emily E. Hurd died at her residence on Cottage street on Thursday after a considerable illness. She had made her home for many years with the late Dr. and Mrs. Edward L. Cunningham and was the principal beneficiary under the will of Dr. Cunningham. The funeral will be held on Saturday afternoon at Trinity Church.

Four new carriers have been added to the local post office force for the summer season. The summer schedule is now in effect, and beginning this week the early Sunday morning mail will come in.

Mr. William Allen, the veteran barber, does not improve in health as rapidly as his friends could wish. He has been confined to his house for several weeks, suffering from inflamation of the liver.

Newport is shipping considerable liquid goods into Fall River by the trolley express route but every detail of the law is being complied with.

Schooner Aetna Leaves.

The three masted schooner Aetna, which was badly damaged by fire on the west side of Connaicut Island last week, is likely to remain prominently before the public for some time, figuring in court proceedings. It is claimed that maritime law has been violated by her commander and extensive litigation is likely to result.

At the time of the fire last week assistance was rendered to the schooner by J. K. Sullivan's tug Solicitor and by Silliman Saunders' boat West Side. Learning that the schooner was likely to be taken to Boston Mr. Saunders proposed to enforce his claim for assistance against her and served a libel on the schooner for $3000, the papers being served by Deputy Sheriff Frank P. King, who left Mr. William J. Dunbar on board as keeper.

A short time afterward Captain Shipman returned to his vessel and seemed to think that the keeper was not entirely within his rights, claiming that the United States government alone had jurisdiction and not the State of Rhode Island. He intimated that the schooner was going to Boston and that the keeper might remain on board and go also or he might go ashore. The tug Mercury came alongside and proceeded to make fast to the schooner with the intention of towing her to Boston.

There followed a discussion of the matter between the tug captain and the keeper, but after consulting over the long distance telephone the work of removing the schooner proceeded and the keeper decided to go ashore rather than take the trip to Boston. He was unable to communicate with the sheriff's office.

It is understood that Mr. Saunders has no intention of dropping the matter, but will probably proceed through the United States Marshal's office to prosecute his claim. What action the State will take is not known, but the schooner is now beyond the limits of the State jurisdiction.

After waiting in more or less patience for some weeks the residents of the Broadway region have cause to be thankful for the first application of dustoline to the roadway. The season has been very wet, so that the dust nuisance was not quite as bad as it would have been in dry times, but frequent dust clouds between storms have made it rather unpleasant. The reason for the delay is that the street commissioner desired to test another patent preparation before applying any dust layer. The bitulithic pavement on lower Broadway is also receiving experimental treatment in the hope that the bad breaks in the surface can be repaired at less expense than the builders asked. The holes are being filled with crushed stone and a top dressing of gravel bound with tarvia is applied. The street looks well where this has been done, and if it is found to wear satisfactorily all the holes will be treated in a similar manner. It is badly in need of repairs.

Mr. Frederick H. Manchester, a native of Newport, died at his residence in Providence on Monday after a considerable illness. He was born in Newport in 1853 but had long been a resident of Providence where he was prominent in business and political life. He was a member of the Providence city council and served on important committees. He was for many years treasurer of the Providence Gas Burner Company. He is survived by a widow and two daughters. Funeral services were held in Providence and the remains were brought to this city for interment.

The base ball season in Newport opened last Saturday when the two contesting teams were driven through the principal parts of the city headed by the Newport Military Band. There was a fair attendance at the grounds in spite of the threatening weather which finally delivered the promised rain and broke up the game. Manager Anthony of the Newports is arranging some interesting games for the season and there promise to be some lively times at Wellington Park.

The Supreme Court has denied the petition of the defendant for a new trial in the case of Henry C. Anthony vs. the Rhenia Cement Co. The defendants claimed that the amount of the verdict was excessive but the higher court does not find that their contention is sustained by the facts.

The Spring convention of the Newport District Sunday School Association was held at the United Congregational Church on Thursday, Rev. Joseph Cooper presiding. The programme comprised a number of valuable and interesting addresses.

A petition is being prepared for submission to the representative council asking that an appropriation be made for the widening of Thames street near the postoffice. Many signatures have been obtained to the petition.

Historic Trips.

The Rhode Island Citizens Historical Society, Thomas W. Bicknell, president, will make an excursion to Newport to-day by the way of Bristol Ferry arriving here about 11.30 a. m. They will visit many of the historical places of which this city abounds, and probably several addresses will be delivered at historic spots. This society is doing a good work in reviving interest in the many historic spots in Rhode Island and increasing the knowledge of its members by personal visits to these places. The excursions are not confined to members, any one can join them.

It is rumored that the navy department has secured a piece of land near the Bradford coaling station which will be used as the site of the dry dock. There is no secret of the fact that many of the most prominent officers in the navy regard the building of a dry dock in Narragansett Bay as an absolute necessity to the best interests of the navy and there is little doubt but that eventually we shall have the finest and biggest dry dock in the country, but in as much as Congress has not yet seen fit to make an appropriation for that purpose there is no immediate prospect of seeing one built here. It is possible that the land near Bradford may be selected for this purpose, but it seems much more likely that when the dry dock comes it will be located on Prudence Island.

The Newport police court was very busy during the first days of the week, although there was less business on Tuesday than would have been the case except for the fact that the Tiverton police commission decided to keep the licensed saloons in that town closed on Memorial Day. Had it been otherwise there would undoubtedly have been a large grist of the mill on Tuesday morning, for the Fall Riverites were out in large numbers in search of the cup that cheers and especially inebriates. At the Sunday morning session of the court there were several Tiverton cases who were sentenced for drunkenness, one from Portsmouth and a number from Tiverton. It was one of the busiest sessions of the court for a number of years.

The joint committee on taxation consisting of Senators Bowen of Providence, Bennett of Woonsocket, Representatives Franklin, of Newport, Bliss of Cranston and Bliss of East Providence, met in Providence Thursday and organized by the choice of Representative Franklin as chairman, and Executive Secretary Edward P. Toble as clerk. The committee will meet weekly and will give hearings and solicit advice from all sources to aid them in their work.

Private Paul Serby of Fort Adams was drowned off Long wharf last Saturday night by the upsetting of the skiff in which he had embarked with two others to row over to the Fort. All three men were precipitated into the water but his two companions were rescued. The remains were sent to his former home in Baltimore on Monday evening by the New York boat, being escorted to the wharf by officers and men from Fort Adams.

Only twenty one days more remain in which those who wish to vote during the year 1909, can qualify themselves by going to the city or town clerk's office and registering their names. The right of voting is too important a privilege to be lightly neglected. And when a person has only to go to the city hall and sign his name in order to become a voter, he should not require urging to induce any one to attend to that duty.

Mr. Richard Bliss, librarian of the Redwood Library, has been elected president of the Rhode Island Library Association, the annual meeting being held in Providence on Wednesday.

Easton's Beach will open for the season at once. Excursions are expected here today and tomorrow.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for the summer season in Jamestown the Putnam Cottage on the Racquet Road, to Miss Annie B. Vernon of Newport.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented—subject to sale of the entire Paran Stevens estate on Bellevue avenue—the building known as the Siebrecht building at corner of Jones avenue and Bellevue avenue, to the Home Candy Firm known as "Mary Elizabeth" of Syracuse, New York State. Mr. Taylor's rental is on behalf of Messrs. Sterling and Melchor, trustees for the Paran Stevens estate.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for the summer season in Newport, Mrs. Martha A. Steven's furnished cottage at 13 Bay View avenue, to Lieut. Hysses S. Macy, U. S. N.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for a term of years for Mrs. Emily C. Ridlon, the large house at No. 10 Catherine street, next to the New Cliffs Hotel, which was formerly "The Robinson" to Anders Anthony, proprietor of the "Anthony House" on Mill street, who removes her boarding house business to her new quarters, before 1st of July.

Labrador Medical Mission.

EDITOR OF THE MERCURY:

DEAR SIR: Dr. Grenfell's schooner, the "Lorna Doone," will sail from Boston for Newfoundland on June fifteenth. An urgent appeal from the New England Grenfell Association reached Newport yesterday for cast-off clothing for men, especially trousers, suitable for cold weather. At present there is enough clothing for women.

Parcels should be marked with the name of the donor, that they may be acknowledged, and sent to the Art Exchange, 47 Bridge Street, where they will be packed and forwarded; or they will be called for.

If but one garment can be given, it will be appreciated.

MRS. CHARLES B. WEAVER.
ANNIE T. LAWTON.
ELIZABETH B. PECKHAM.
Committee.

Middletown.

BIDS OPENED FOR BUILDING ROADS. The Town Council held a special meeting at the Town Hall on Wednesday afternoon to open the bids for building three sections of highway. However but one solitary bid was received by the President of the Council and that was from Peckham Brothers. Their bid was as follows:

For building 1000 feet of Telford macadam road on Paradise Avenue.

If done to June $1.82½ per linear foot rolled with a ring roller; if rolled with a steam roller $1.87½ cents per foot.

If done in September fifteen cents less per foot would be charged.

For building 855 feet of the same kind of road on Green End avenue East of the south entrance to Turner's Lane, the work to be done in September.

With ring roller $1.54 8-10 per linear foot.

With steam roller $1.59 8-10 per linear foot.

For building 642 feet of macadam road in Turner's Lane.

With ring roller $1.21 per linear foot.

With steam roller $1.26 per linear foot.

The bids were largely in excess of the estimates of the Council, which precluded the possibility of doing all the road work mapped out, and in consequence of this fact were held for further consideration.

JURORS WARNED. For the June session of the Superior Court the following jurors have been warned to attend from Middletown. Grand, James E. Wilson. Petit, Johnson E. Whitman, Walter S. Barker and William H. Sisson.

Mrs. B. Marion Perry Graham of Boston and her son Gordon, have been spending the past two weeks with relatives in town.

The engagement is announced of William Edward Whitman, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whitman of Newport, to Miss Mary Dunbar Smith, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Millard F. Smith of Middletown. The wedding will take place at the residence of the bride's parents on Paradise Avenue, Tuesday evening, June 15. Mr. Whitman has resided for the past 10 years with his aunt, Mrs. Alfred Carr, on Green End avenue, and has been associated with his uncle, Mr. Alfred Carr, in the business of blacksmithing and wheelwrighting for two years. The couple are well known and are very popular. They expect to reside on Paradise Ave.

Through the kindness of neighbors, Mr. A. Herbert Ward of Hunnemun Hill Farm, has been enabled to have a second crop of corn planted to replace the first one planted by his men which proved a complete loss owing to rain, cold weather and worms. Mr. Ward, while able at times to oversee his work partially, is unable to get about much and has the full use of but one arm, the other can only be raised by lifting it. He suffers little pain.

Mr. J. Willis Peckham and family and Mr. Dennis J. Murphy and family spent Memorial day with Mr. and Mrs. William S. Brown and family in Slocum, R. I., where they removed early in the spring from Middletown.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sturtevant of Gray Craig Park which at birth weighed three pounds, still retains the same weight at three weeks of age and is only able to take nourishment from a medicine dropper.

Block Island.

The annual financial town meeting was held on Tuesday, when it was voted to reduce the town tax rate from $2 to $1.50 for the coming year. A communication from General Treasurer Read was read stating that the note held by the State against the town for $15,000 had been cancelled in accordance with the vote of the General Assembly.

Mrs. Stephen F. Fisk, State Vice Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, died at her home in Pawtucket on Thursday. Her death followed an operation for the removal of cysts, but the family physician gave out a statement to the effect that she had been under Christian Science treatment for nine months and for that reason was in poor condition, the operation having been put off too long.

The June session of the Superior Court will open in this city on Monday next, with a long docket to be gone through. There are a number of cases marked for trial at this session which will probably be a busy one. Grand and petit jurors have been notified to attend at 11 o'clock on Monday.

The local branch of the Mills butter and egg store has been closed and the goods have been removed from the city. It has been established here a little more than a year, but did not find it profitable to continue.

THE BARRIER

BY REX BEACH

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CHAPTER XV.

AND A KNOT TIGHTENED.

A DAY of shattered hopes is a desolate thing, but the night of such a day is desolate indeed. In all his life Poleon Doret had never sunk to such depths of despondency, for his optimistic philosophy and his buoyant faith in the goodness of life forbade it. The arrival of the freight steamer afforded him some distraction, but there was only a small consignment for the store, and that was quickly disposed of; so, leaving the other citizens of Flambeau to wrangle over their private merchandise, he went back to his solitary vigil, which finally became so unbearable that he sought to escape his thoughts, or at least to drown them for awhile, amid the lights and life and laughter of Stark's saloon.

Runnion annoyed him with his volubility, for the news of his good fortune had fired the man with a reckless disregard for money, and he turned to gaming as the one natural recourse of his ilk.

It was shortly after midnight that Stark came into the place. Poleon was not too absorbed in his own fortunes to fail to notice the extraordinary ferocity and exhilaration of the saloon keeper nor that his face was keener, his nostrils thinner, his walk more nervous and his voice more cutting than usual when he spoke to Runnion:

"Come here!"

"I'll be with you when I finish this hand," said the player over his shoulder.

"Come here!" Stark snapped his command, and Runnion threw down his cards.

Drawing the reluctant gambler aside, Stark began to talk rapidly to him, almost within earshot of Poleon, who watched them, idly wondering what Stark had to say that could make Runnion start and act so queerly. Well, it was their affair. They made a bad pair to draw to. He knew that Runnion was the saloon keeper's lieutenant and obeyed implicitly his senior's commands. He could distinguish nothing they said, nor was he at all curious until a knot of noisy men crowded up to the bar and, forcing the two back nearer to the table where he sat, his sharp ears caught these words from Runnion's lips:

"Not with me! She'd never go with me!" And Stark's reply:

"She'll go where I send her and with anybody I tell her to."

The Frenchman lost what followed, for a newly dealt hand required study. He scanned his cards and tossed them face up before the dealer; then he overheard Runnion say:

"It's the only one in camp. He might sell it if you offered him enough." At this Stark called one of the men at the bar aside, and the three began to dicker.

"Not a cent less," the third man announced loudly. "There ain't another Peterborough in town."

Going outside, Runnion said again to Stark:

"She won't go with me, Ben. She don't like me. You see, I made love to her, and she got mad and wanted me killed."

"She'll never know who you are until it's too late to turn back," said the other, "and you are the only man I can trust to take her through. I can trust you. You owe me too much to be crooked."

"Oh, I'll act square with you! But, look here, what's all this about anyhow? Why do you want that girl? You said you didn't care for her that way. You told me so yourself. Anyway, I ain't the safest kind of a chaperon for a good looking girl."

Stark laid a cold hand on Runnion's shoulder close up to his neck.

"Never mind what I said. She's mine, and you've got to promise to be straight with her. I've trusted you before, and if you're not on the level now say so. It will save you a lot of trouble."

"Oh, all right!" exclaimed Runnion testily. "Only it looks mighty queer."

He melted into the darkness, and Stark returned to his cabin, where he paced back and forth impatiently, smiling evilly now and then, consulting his watch at frequent intervals. A black look had begun to settle on his face, but it vanished when Necia came, and he met her with a smile.

"I was afraid you had weakened," he said. "Everything is ready and waiting. I've got the only canoe in the place, a Peterborough, and hired a good oarsman to put you through, instructing him to make as fast time as he can and to board the first steamer that overtakes you. Too bad this freighter that just got in isn't going the other way. However, there's liable to be another any hour, and if one doesn't come along you'll find enough blankets and food in the skiff, so you needn't go ashore. You'll be there before you know it."

Then he led her out into the darkness, and they stumbled down to the river's bank, descending to the gravelly water's edge, where rows of clumsy hand sawed boats and poling skiffs were chafing at their painters. The up river steamer was just clearing.

Stark's low whistle was answered a hundred yards below, and they searched out a darker blot that proved to be a man's figure.

"Is everything ready?" he inquired, at which the shadow grunted unintelligibly. So, holding Necia by the arm, Stark helped her back to a seat in the stern.

"This man will take you through," he said. "You can trust him all right."

The oarsman clambered in and adjusted his sweeps; then Stark laid a hand on the prow and shoved the light boat out into the current, calling softly:

"Goodby and good luck!"

"Goodby, Mr. Stark. Thank you ever so much," the girl replied, too numb and worn out to say much or to notice or care whither she was bound or who was her boatman. She had been swept along too swiftly to reason or fear for herself any more.

Stark did not return to his cabin, but went back instead to his saloon, where he saw Poleon Doret still sprawling with elbows on the table, his hat pulled low above his sullen face. Stark then went out and down toward the barracks. A light behind the drawn curtains of the officer's house told that Burrell was not abed, but he waited a long moment after his summons before the door was opened, during which he heard the occupant moving about and another door close in the rear. When he was allowed entrance at last he found the young man alone in a smoke filled room, with a bottle and two empty glasses on the table.

For at the sound of his voice Gale had whispered to Burrell, "Keep him out!" and the lieutenant had decided to refuse his late visitor admittance when he lighted on the expedient of concealing the trader in the bedroom at the rear. It was only natural, he reasoned, that Gale should dislike to face a man like Stark before he had regained his composure.

"Go in there and wait till I see what he wants," he had said, and, shutting the old man in, he had gone forth to admit Stark. Stark entered and closed the door.

"I've got some work for you, lieutenant. It's got to be done tonight, right now! You represent the law, or at least you've taken every occasion to so declare yourself, so now I've come to you with something big. It's a serious affair, and, being as I'm a peaceful man, I want to go by the law." His eyes mocked the words he uttered. "You seem to carry the weight of this whole community on your shoulders, so I'm here to give you some information."

Burrell said quietly: "It's a little late for polite conversation. Come to the point."

"I've got a murderer for you."

"You've had a killing in your place, eh?"

"No; I've just made a discovery. I found it all out by accident, too—pure accident. By heaven, you can't tell me there isn't a beneficent Providence overlooking our affairs. He's a friend of yours and a highly respected party. He's a glorious example to this whole river. He's everybody's friend. He's the shining mark of this whole country. He's the benevolent renegade, Squaw Man Gale. Gaylord is his name, and I was a fool not to know it sooner."

The disclosure had not affected the soldier as Stark expected, and his anger began to lift itself.

"The man's a murderer. He's wanted in California, where I came from. He's been indicted, and there's a price on his head. He's hidden for fifteen years, but he'll hang as sure as I stand here."

Burrell knew he must gain time for thought. One false step might ruin all. He could not face this on the spur of the moment; so, shrugging his shoulders with an air of polite skepticism, he assumed a tone of good natured raillery.

"Fifteen years? Murder? John Gale a murderer? Why, that's almost—pardon me if I smile—I'm getting sleepy. What proof have you?"

"Proof!" blazed the gambler. "Proof! Ask Gaylord! Proof! Why, the woman he murdered was my wife!"

It was Burrell's turn now to fall incoherent, and not only did his speech forsake him, but his thoughts went madly veering off into a wilderness where there was no trail, no light, no hope. What frightful bones were these he bared? This man was Bennett! This was Necia's father! He raised a pair of eyes that had become furious and bloodshot and suddenly realized that the man before him, who persisted in saddling upon Gale this heinous crime, was the slayer of Necia's mother, for he did not doubt Gale's story for an instant. He found his fingers writhing to feel the creature's throat.

"Proof!" Stark was growling. "How much proof do you need? I've followed him for fifteen years. I've tracked him with men and dogs through woods and deserts and mining camps. I've slept on his trail for 5,000 miles, and now do you think I'm mistaken? He killed my wife, I say, and robbed me of my little girl! That's her in his house. That's her he calls Necia. She's my girl—my girl, do you understand?—and I'll have his life."

Burrell had no inkling yet of the father's well shaped plans nor how farreaching they were and could barely stammer:

"So! You—you know?"

"Yes! She wears the evidence around her neck, and if that isn't enough I can furnish more—evidence enough to smother you. My name isn't Stark at all. I changed it years ago for certain reasons. I've changed it more than once, but that's my privilege and my own affair. Her name is Merridy Bennett."

"I don't suppose you know I'm going to marry her?" said the Kentuckian irrelevantly.

"No," replied the other; "I wasn't aware of the fact."

"Well, I am. I'll be your son-in-law."

"There's a lot of things, Burrell, for you and me to settle up first. For one thing, I want those mines of hers. I'm her father, and she's not of age. I'll take them anyway as her next of kin."

Burrell did not follow up this statement, for its truth was incontrovertible, so he continued:

"We'll adjust that after Gale is attended to. But meanwhile what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to arrest the man who killed my wife. If you don't take him the miners will. I've got a following in this camp, and I'll raise a crowd in fifteen minutes—enough to hang this squaw man or batter down your barracks to get him. But I don't want to do that. I want to go by the law you've talked so much about. I want you to do the trick."

At last Burrell saw the gambler's deviltry. He knew Stark's reputation too well to think that he feared a meeting with Gale. Stark had planned his settlement coldly and with deliberate malice. Moreover, he was strong enough to stand aside and let another take his place and thus deny to Gale the final recourse of a hunted beast, the desperate satisfaction that the trader craved. He tied his enemy's hands and delivered him up with his thirst unsatisfied—to whom? He thrust a weapon into the hand of his other enemy and bade this other enemy use it—worse than that, forced him to strike the man he honored, the man he loved. Burrell never doubted that Stark had carefully weighed the effect of this upon Necia and had reasoned that a girl like her could not understand a soldier's duty if it meant the blood of a parent. If he refused to act the gambler could break him, while every effort he made to protect Gale would but increase the other's satisfaction. There was no chance of the trader's escape. Stark held him in his hand. Was it impossible, the lieutenant wondered, to move this man from his purpose?

"Have you thought of Necia? She loves Gale. What effect will this have on her?"

"D—n her! She's more his brat than mine. I want John Gaylord!"

At this a vicious frenzy overtook Burrell, and he thought of the man behind yonder door, whom he had forgotten. Well, why not? These two men had stalked each other clear into the farthest places, driven by forces that were older than the hills. Who was he to stand between such passions?

The gambler's words rang in his ears—"I want John Gaylord!"—and before he knew what he was doing he had answered, "Very well; I'll give him to you," and crossed quickly to the door of his bedroom and flung it open. On the threshold he paused stockstill. The place was empty. A draft sucked through the open window, flirting with the curtain and telling the story of the trader's exit.

"If you're looking for your coat, it's here," he heard Stark say. "Get into it, and we'll go for him."

The lieutenant's mind was working fast enough now, in all conscience, and he saw with clear and fateful eyes whither he was being led, at which a sudden reckless disregard for consequences seized him. He felt a blind fury at being pulled and hauled and driven by this creature and also an unreasoning anger at Gale's defection. But it was the thought of Necia and the horrible net of evil in which this man had ensnared them both that galled him most. He determined to finish this thing here and now.

Meade went to his bureau, took his revolver from the belt where he had hung it and came out into the other room. Stark, seeing the weapon, exclaimed:

"You don't need that. He won't resist you."

"I've decided not to take him," said Burrell.

"Decided not to take him!" shouted the other. "Have you weakened? Don't you intend to arrest that man?"

"No!" cried the soldier. "I've listened to your lies long enough. Now I'm going to stop them once for all. You're too dangerous to have around."

They faced each other silently a moment; then Stark spoke in a very quiet voice, though his eyes were glittering.

"What's the meaning of this? Are you crazy?"

"Gale was here just before you came and told me who killed your wife. I know."

"Well?"

"It's pretty late. This place is lonely. This is the simplest way."

The gambler fell to studying his antagonist, and when he did not speak Burrell continued:

"Come, brace up! I'm giving you a chance."

But Stark shook his head.

"Don't be afraid," insisted the lieutenant. "There are no witnesses. If you get me, nobody will know, and your word is good. If not, it's much simpler than the other." Then when the gambler still made no move he insisted. "You wouldn't have me kill you like a rattlesnake?"

"You couldn't," said the older man. "You're not that kind, and I'm not the kind to be cheated either. Listen. I've lived over forty years, and I never took less than was coming to me. I won't begin tonight."

"You'll get your share."

"Bah! You don't know what I mean. I don't want you. It's him I'm after, and when I'm done with him I'll take care of you, but I won't run any risk right now. You might put me away, there's the possibility, and I won't let you or any other man—or woman either, not even my girl—cheat me out of Gale. Put up your gun."

The soldier hesitated, then did as he was bidden, for this man knew him better than he knew himself.

"I ought to treat you like a mad dog, but I can't do it while your hands are up. I'm going to fight for John Gale, however, and you can't take him."

"I'll have his carcass hung to my ridgepole before daylight."

Stark turned to go, but paused at the door. "And you think you'll marry Necia, do you?"

"I know it."

"Is that so? Suppose you find her first."

"What do you mean? Wait!"—

But his visitor was gone, leaving behind him a lover already sorely vexed and now harassed by a new and sudden apprehension. What venom the man distilled! Could it be that he had sent Necia away?

Stark traced his way back to his cabin in a ten times fiercer mood than he had come, reviling, cursing, hating. Back past the dark trading post he went, pausing to shake his clinched fist and grind out an oath between his teeth; past the door of his own saloon, which was alight and whence came the sound of revelry, through the scattered houses, where he went more by feel than by sight, up to the door of his own shack. He closed the door behind him now and locked it, for he had some thinking to do, then felt through his pockets for a match, and, striking it, bent over his lamp to adjust the wick. It flared up steady and strong at last, flooding the narrow place with its illumination. Then he straightened up and turned toward the bed to throw off his coat, when suddenly every muscle of his body leaped with an uncontrollable spasm, as if he had uncovered a deadly serpent coiled and ready to spring.

John Gale was sitting at his table, barely an arm's length away, his gray blue eyes fixed upon him and the deep seams of his heavy face set as if graven in stone. His huge, knotted hands were upon the table, and between them lay a naked knife.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOHN GALE'S HOUR.

IT was a heathenish time of night to arouse the girl, thought Burrell as he left the barracks, but he must allay these fears that were besetting him; he must see Necia at once. The low, drifting clouds obscured what star glow there was in the heavens, and he stepped back to light a lantern.

A few moments later he stood above the squaw, who crouched on the trader's doorstep, wailing her death song into the night.

"What's wrong? Where is Necia? Where is she?" he demanded and at last seized her roughly, facing her to the light, but Alluna only blinked owlishly at his lantern and shook her head.

"Gone away," she finally informed him and began to weave again in her despair, but he held her fiercely.

"Where has she gone? When did she go?" He shook her to quicken her reply.

"I don't know; I don't know. Long time she's gone now." She trailed off into Indian words he could not comprehend, so he pushed past her into the house to see for himself and without knocking flung Necia's door open and stepped into her chamber. Before he had swept the unfamiliar room with his eyes he knew that she had indeed gone, and gone hurriedly, for the signs of disorder betrayed a reckless haste.

"When did she go, Alluna? For God's sake, what does this mean?" he cried.

"I don't know. She come and she go, and I don' see her; mebbe three, four hour ago."

"Where's Gale? He'll know. He's gone after her, eh?"

The upward glow of the lantern heightened the young man's pallor, and again the squaw broke into her sad lament.

"John Gale—he's gone away with the knife of my father. I am afraid; I am afraid."

"Did he come back here just now?"

"No. He went to the jail house, and he would not let me follow. He don' come back no more."

This was confusing, and Meade cried angrily:

"Why didn't you give the alarm? Why didn't you come to me instead of yelling your lungs out around the house?"

"He told me to wait," she said simply.

"Go find Poleon, quick!"

"He told me to wait," she repeated stolidly, and Burrell knew he was powerless to move her. He saw the image of a great terror in the woman's face. The night suddenly became heavy with the hint of unspeakable things, and he grew fearful, suspecting now that Gale had told him but a part of his story, that all the time he knew Stark's identity and that his quarry was at hand, ready for the kill, or, if not, he had learned enough while standing behind that partition. Where was he now? Where was Necia? What part did she play in this? He gave up trying to think and fled for Stark's saloon, reasoning that where one was the other must be near, and there would surely be some word of Necia. He burst through the door. A quick glance over the place showed it empty of those he sought; but, spying Poleon Doret, he dragged him outside, inquiring breathlessly:

"Have you seen Gale?"

"No."

"Have you seen Stark? Has he been about?"

"Yes; wan hour, mebbe two, hour ago. Wy? W'at for you ask?"

"There's the devil to pay. Those two have come together, and Necia is gone."

"Necia gone!" the Canadian jerked out. "W'at you mean by dat? W'ere she's gone to?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows. Heaven! I'm shaking like a leaf."

"Bah! She's feel purty bad. She's go out by herse'f. Dat's all right."

"I tell you something has happened to her! There's h—l to pay! I found her clothes at the house torn to ribbons and all muddy and wet."

Poleon cried out at this.

"We've got to find her and Gale, and we haven't a minute to lose."

"W'ere have you look?"

"I've been to the house, but Alluna is crazy and says Gale has gone to kill Stark, as near as I can make out. Both of them were at my quarters tonight, and I'm afraid the squaw is right."

"But w'ere is Necia?"

"We don't know. Maybe Stark has got her."

The Frenchman cursed horribly. "Have you try hoes cabane?"

"No."

Without answer the Frenchman darted away, and the lieutenant sped after him through the deserted rows of log houses.

Burrell gripped his companion's arm with fingers of steel, and together they crept up to the door. But even before they had gained it they heard a voice within. It was Stark's. The walls of the house were of moss chinked logs that deadened every sound, but the door itself was of thin whipsawed pine boards with ample cracks at top and bottom, and they heard plainly. The lieutenant leaned forward, then with difficulty smothered an exclamation, for he heard another voice now—the voice of John Gale. The words came to him muffled, but distinct, and he raised his hand to knock when suddenly he seized Poleon, hissing into his ear:

"Listen! For God's sake, listen!"

For the first time in his tempestuous life Ben Stark lost the iron composure that had made his name a byword in the west, and at sight of his bitterest enemy seated in the dark of his own house waiting for him he became an ordinary, nervous, frightened man. It was the utter unexpectedness of the thing that shook him, and before he could regain his balance Gale spoke:

"I've come to settle, Bennett."

"What are you doing here?" the gambler stammered.

"I was up at the soldier's place just now and heard you. I didn't want any interruptions, so I came here, where we can be alone." He paused and when Stark made no answer continued, "Well, let's get at it." But still the other made no move. "You've had all the best of it for twenty years," Gale went on in his level voice, "but tonight I get even. I've lived for this!"

"That shot in Lee's cabin?" recalled Stark, with the light of new understanding. "You knew me then?"

"Yes."

Stark took a deep breath. "What a d—d fool I've been!"

"Your devil's magic saved you that time, but it won't stop this." The trader rose slowly, with the knife in his hand.

"You'll hang for this!" said the gambler unsteadily, at which Gale's face blazed.

"Ha!" exclaimed the trader exultingly. "You can feel it in you already, eh?"

With an effort Stark began to assemble his wits as the trader continued:

"You saddled your dirty work on me, Ben Stark, and I've carried it for fifteen years, but tonight I put you out the way you put her out. An eye for an eye!"

"I didn't kill her," said the man.

"So? The yellow is showing up at last. I knew you were a coward, but I didn't think you'd be afraid to own it to yourself."

"Look here," said Stark curiously, "do you really think I killed Merridy?"

"I know it. A man who would strike a woman would kill her—if he had the nerve."

Stark had now mastered himself and smiled.

"My hate worked better than I thought. Well, well, that made it hard for you, didn't it?" he chuckled. "I supposed, of course, you knew."

"Knew?" Gale's face showed emotion for the first time. "Knew what?" His hands were quivering slightly.

"She killed herself."

"So help you God?"

"So help me God!"

There was a long pause.

"Why?"

"Say, it's kind of funny our standing here talking about that thing, isn't it? Well, if you want to know, I came home early that night. I guess you hadn't been gone two hours. And the surprise did it more than anything else, I suppose. She hadn't prepared a story. I got suspicious, named you at random and hit the nail on the head."

Gale's face was like chalk, and his voice sounded thin and dry as he said:

"You beat her; that's why she did it."

Stark made no answer.

"The papers said the room showed a struggle."

When the other still kept quiet Gale insisted:

"Didn't you?"

At this Stark flamed up defiantly.

"Well, I guess I had cause enough. No woman except her was ever untrue to me—wife or sweetheart."

"You didn't really think"—

"Think h—ll! I thought so then, and I think so now. She denied it, but"—

"And you knew her so well too. I guess you've had some bad nights yourself, Bennett, with that always on your mind"—

"I swore I'd have"—

—"and so you put her blood on my head and made me an outlaw." After an instant, "Why did you tell me this anyhow?"

"It's our last talk, and I wanted you to know how well my hate worked."

"Well, I guess that's all," said Gale. So far they had watched each other with unwavering, unblinking eyes,

His blade flickered in the light.

straining at the leash and taut in every nerve. Now, however, the trader's fingers tightened on the knife handle.

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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THE BARRIER

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

and his knuckles whitened with the grip, at which Stark's right hand swept to his waist, and simultaneously Gale hinged across the table. His blade flickered in the light, and a gun spoke—once, twice, again and again. A cry arose outside the cabin; then some heavy thing crashed in through the door, bringing light with it, for with his first leap Gale had carried the lamp and the table with him, and the two had clinched in the dark.

Burrell had waited an instant too long, for the men's voices had held so steady, their words had been so vital, that the finish found him unprepared; but, thrusting the lantern into Poleon's hand, he had backed off a pace and hurled himself at the door. He fell to his knees inside and an instant later found himself wrestling for his life between two raging beasts. The lieutenant knew Doret must have entered, too, though he could not see him, for the lantern shed a sickly gloom over the chaos. He was locked desperately with John Gale, who flung him about and handled him like a child, fighting like an old gray wolf hoary with years and terrible in his rage. Only for the lantern's light Gale would doubtless have sheathed his weapon in his new assailant, but the more fiercely the trader struggled the more tenaciously the soldier clung. As it was, Gale carried the lieutenant with him and struck over his head at Stark.

Poleon had leaped into the room at Burrell's heels to receive the impact of a heavy body hurled backward into his arms as if by some irresistible force. He seized it and tore it away from the thing that pressed after and bore down upon it with the ferocity of a wild beast. He saw Gale reach over the lieutenant's head and swing his arm, saw the knife blade bury itself in what he held, then saw it rip away and felt a hot stream spurt into his face. Doret glimpsed Burrell rising from his knees, his arms about the trader's waist, and the next instant the combatants were dragged apart.

The lieutenant wrenched the dripping blade from Gale's hand. It no longer gleamed, but was warm and slippery in his fingers. Poleon held Stark's gun, which was empty and smoking.

The fight had not lasted a minute, and yet what terrible havoc had been wrought! The gambler was drenched with his own blood, which gushed from him, black in the yellow flicker and so plentifully that the Frenchman was befouled with it, while Gale, too, was horribly stained, but whether from his own or his enemy's veins it was hard to tell. The trader paid no heed to himself nor to the intruders, allowing Burrell to push him back against the wall, the breath wheezing in and out of his lungs, his eyes fastened on Stark.

"I get you, Bennett!" he cried hoarsely. "Your magic is no good." His teeth showed through his grizzled muzzle like the fangs of some wild animal.

Bennett, or Stark, as the others knew him, lunged about with his captor, trying to get at his enemy and crying curses on them all, but he was like a child in Poleon's arms. Gradually he weakened, and suddenly resistance died out of him.

"Come away from here," the lieutenant ordered Gale.

But the old man did not hear and gathered himself as if to resume the battle with his bare hands, whereupon the soldier, finding himself shaking like a frightened child and growing physically weak at what he saw, doubted his ability to prevent the encounter and repeated his command.

"Come away!" he shouted. But the words sounded foolishly flat and inane.

Then Stark spoke intelligibly for the first time.

"Arrest him! You've got to believe what I told you now, Burrell." He poured forth a stream of unspeakable profanity, smitten by the bitter knowledge of his first and only defeat. "You'll hang, Gaylord! I'll see your neck stretched!" To Poleon he panted excitedly: "I followed him for fifteen years, Doret. He killed my wife!"

"Dat's d——d lie!" said the Frenchman.

"No, it isn't. He's under indictment for it back in California. He shot her down in cold blood, then ran off with my kid. That's her he calls Necia. She's mine. Ain't I right, lieutenant?"

At this final desperate effort to fix the crime upon his rival Burrell turned on him with loathing.

"It's no use, Stark. We heard you say she killed herself. We were standing outside the door, both of us, and got it from your own lips."

Until this moment the man had stood on his own feet, but now he began to sag, seeing which Poleon supported him to the bed, where he sank weakly, collapsing in every joint and muscle.

"It's a job," he snarled. "You put this up, you three, and came here to gang me." An unnatural shudder convulsed him as his wounds bit at him, and then he flared up viciously. "But I'll beat you all. I've got the girl. I've got her."

"Necia!" cried Burrell, suddenly remembering, for this affray had driven all else from his mind.

Stark crouched on the edge of his bunk, a ghastly gray grinning thing. One weapon still remained to him, and he used it.

"Yes, I've got my daughter."

"Where is she?" demanded the trader hoarsely. "Where's my girl?"

The gambler chuckled. An agony seized him till he hiccoughed and strangled. Then, as the spell passed, he laughed again.

"She's got you in her head, like the mother had, but I'll drive it out. I'll treat her like I did her."

Gale uttered a terrible cry and moved upon him, but Burrell shouldered the trader aside, himself possessed by a cold fury that intensified his strength tenfold.

"Stop it, Gale. Let me attend to this. I'll make him tell."

"Oh, will you?" mocked the girl's father.

"Where is she?"

"None of your d——d business!" Again he was seized with a paroxysm that left him shivering and his lips colorless. The blankets were soaked and soggy with blood, and his feet rested in a red pool.

"Ben Stark," said the tortured lover, "you're a sick man, and you'll be gone in half an hour at this rate. Won't you do one decent thing before you die?"

"Bah! I'm all right."

"I'll get you a doctor if you'll tell us where she is. If you don't I'll—let you die. For God's sake, man, speak up!"

The wounded man strove to rise, but could not, then considered for a moment before he said:

"I sent her away."

"Where?"

"Up river on that freighter that left last night. She'll go out by Skagway, and I'll join her later, where I can have her to myself. She's forty miles up river now and getting farther every minute. Oh, you can't catch her!"

The three men stared at one another blankly.

"Why did she go?" said Gale dully.

"Because I told her who she was and who you are; because she thinks you killed her mother; because she was glad to get away." Now that he was grown too weak to inflict violent pain the man lied malevolently, gloating over what he saw in the trader's face.

"Never mind, old man; I'll bring her back," said Burrell and laid a comforting hand on Gale's shoulder, for the fact that she was safe, the fact of knowing something, relieved him immensely, but Stark's next words plunged him into even blacker horror than the trader felt.

"You won't want her if you catch her. Runnion will see to that."

"Runnion!"

"Yes. I sent him with her."

The lover cried out in anguish and hid his face in his hands.

"He's wanted her for a long time, so I told him to go ahead."

None of them noticed Poleon Doret, who upon this unnatural confession alone seemed to retain sufficient control to doubt and to reason. He was thinking hard, straightening out certain facts and trying to square this horrible statement with things he had seen and heard tonight. All of a sudden he uttered a great cry and bolted out into the darkness unheeded by Gale and Burrell, who stood dazed and distraught with a fear greater than that which was growing in Stark at sight of his wounds.

The gambler looked down at his injuries, opened and closed the fingers of his hand as if to see whether he still maintained control of them, then cried out at the two helpless men:

"Well, are you going to let me bleed to death?"

It brought the soldier out of his trance.

"Why—no, no! We'll get a doctor."

But Gale touched him on the shoulder and said:

"He's too weak to get out. Lock him in and let him die in the dark."

Stark cursed affrightedly, for it is a terrible thing to bleed to death in the dark, and in spite of himself the lieutenant wavered.

"I can't do that. I promised."

"He told that lie to my girl. He gave her to that hound,"—said the trader, but Burrell shoved him through the door.

"No; I can't do that!" And then to the wounded man he said, "I'll get a doctor, but God have mercy on your soul!" He could not trust himself to talk further with this creature nor be near him any longer, for, though he had a slight knowledge of surgery, he would sooner have touched a loathsome serpent than the flesh of this monstrous man.

He pushed Gale ahead of him, and the old man went like a driven beast, for his violence had wasted itself, and he was like a person under the spell of a strong drug.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Picturesque Japanese Peasants.

The most characteristic scenery in Japan is not the mountain, on which few Japanese dwell, but the rice field, which is to be found wherever there is a patch of level ground for the field and sufficient water for irrigation. Gentle slopes are made useful by terracing, and the cooly, preparing the ground or cutting his crop, is the true Japanese peasant. He is a picturesque peasant in his blue cotton suit, his broad, conical straw hat and straw overcoat. He is a good natured peasant, absurdly contented with his earnings, though the agricultural laborer earns as little as 8 or 10 cents gold a day. His house is a light wooden frame surmounted by a heavy thatch, and he loves to plant a lily garden along his rooftree. But he always has one thing which separates him from the Chinese and the East Indian—he lives on a platform raised above the ground. No hardened soil for him, no chilly pavement or brick or stone. A wooden floor, a piece of clean matting, a broom and a bathtub the poorest Japanese will always have. —Tokyo Letter to Boston Transcript.

A Deceptive Air.

The Bushby storekeeper surveyed Mr. Leonard with a contemplative eye and then turned his gaze toward Jimmy Sloane, who was putting packages into the delivery wagon. Jimmy had the leisurely air of one with plenty of time at his disposal.

"You want to know how he'd be for your business down below?" said Mr. Gregg slowly.

"Yes," said the visitor. "I noticed him yesterday, when that crowd of young fellows were getting the piano into the hall; he seemed to work harder than any of the others. It occurred to me he might like a bigger chance than he has here."

"M-m," said the storekeeper. "Well, now, I can't say as to that, of course, but as to his working harder than any of the other boys, I'll tell you what they say, and you can believe it or not, just as you choose.

"They all like Jimmy, for he's first rate company, but the truth is that when it comes to lifting, or such work, Jimmy's all take holt and mighty little hist."—Youth's Companion.

TRAPPING A GORILLA

Story of a Vicious Struggle in the African Jungle.

A NET THAT FAILED TO HOLD.

The Snared Monster Broke Through Its Meshes and Was the Cause of One Death Before He Was Himself Killed by the Attacking Party.

Captain Fritz Duquesne, the Boer ivory hunter, was commissioned by a German naturalist society to capture one of each species of African quadrumana. He was entirely successful in the work, except that he could obtain no gorilla. Finally a pygmy pointed out a portion of the dank jungle in which a gorilla had been seen.

The captain immediately arranged his camp and laid his plans and made preparations to trap the monster and get him alive if possible, though he fully realized the danger of the undertaking.

"For four days," said the captain, "we camped in this hotbed of disease. Beaters went out in all directions searching for the gorilla. At last some deep, wide scratches were found on a cluster of vines. On close examination the unmistakable hair of the gorilla was found on a broken twig.

"After some hours we found the tree where the gorilla lived. We could tell it by the greasy appearance of the bark, made so by the repeated rubbing of the gorilla's body. We could tell by the fresh marks, with sap still wet, that the animal had recently ascended the tree. The scratches were short and deep, showing that it had lifted itself up and had not slid down, which would have made a long, shallow scratch.

"We spread a strong net around the tree in a circle sloping upward on the outer side. Around the top of the net there were drawn ropes from four directions, held by half a dozen natives hidden in the bush. These were to bring the top of the net together and thus bag our game.

"After waiting some hours the leaves above rustled and then opened as a six foot male gorilla descended unsuspectingly and entered the trap. I signaled, the four ropes were pulled at once, and we had our animal—for a moment. He roared in fury, twisting, jumping and biting the rope into pieces. The natives were pulled about like dolls as he tried to reach first one and then another. The professor jumped about in excitement, trying to focus a camera on the infuriated animal.

"At last the mighty arms of the gorilla broke a hole through the net, and he tore the rest from him as though it were a rotten rag. Most of the natives fled in dismay. The professor dropped his camera and tried to escape. In a moment the gorilla grasped him in its terrible hands.

"I seized my rifle and fired in the air to frighten the animal. In my position I could not shoot at him without hitting my friend. For a moment the gorilla stood still, holding the now unconscious man as though he were a baby, the brute's lips drawn back from his glistening teeth.

"I thrust another cartridge in my rifle. As I did so there was a buzz in the air, and an arrow, shot by a native, pierced the gorilla's side. A roar burst from his red throat, and he dropped his victim. Like a flash, before I could shoot, a native sprang from the leaves and, half throwing, half thrusting, drove an assagai into the gorilla's heart. With a groan the brute fell dead.

"Examining the professor, I found that his right arm was broken and that some of his ribs were crushed into his lungs. We gave up the effort to get a live gorilla and, placing the injured man in a hammock, carried him back toward the east coast.

"He died on the road. Out on the veldt beside a native village a lonely little slab marked 'Carl Bloch' sticks up above the grass. It is the professor's grave. Hunting is not all exciting adventure and laughing victory. It has its tears, like other things."—Hampton's Magazine.

Charles Hawtrey's Twang.

"Once on a time"—it is Charles Hawtrey who tells this tale—"I tried to sink my identity in the part of a man who was my dearest friend. I had known him since he was a baby. I wanted to sink my own identity and copy him. I was not allowed to. This is how it happened:

"De Wolf Hopper had put on in London a burlesque of a play in which Mrs. Langtry and myself were acting. Some one burlesqued me, of course. He had merely a few lines to say, but he did it very well. It so happened that on the night it was produced I was not acting. So I strolled round to Hopper's theater and suggested to him that I should take the part myself that night. The idea of parodying oneself seemed to me rather original. He consented, and on I went just in dress clothes, as the character called for. It was a great success, all except the identification. I lost that, but not enough. The London Times came out the next morning with the following:

"'The resemblance to Mr. Hawtrey was certainly remarkable and would have been more so had it not been for the pronounced American accent.'

"That was the first and last time I have ever been accused of a twang."—New York Tribune.

A Sign.

Whenever you hear people referring to any one as "an original genius" you may be sure that they are prepared to make excuses for him.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Were it not for hope the heart would break.—Irish Proverb.

Their Troubles.

"You've got no grounds to envy me," said the millionaire to the beggar. "I've got just as many troubles as you have."

"No doubt yer right, boss," said the beggar humbly, "but the difficulty with me is I ain't got nothin' else."

A FAMOUS PLAYHOUSE

Old Drury Lane Has Outlived Many Vicissitudes.

A PHENIX AMONG THEATERS.

London's Home of Pantomime Has Been the Scene of Many Conflagrations—Attacks Upon Royalty Within Its Walls—The "Rejected Addresses."

On the night of Feb. 24, 1809, as the house of commons was engaged upon a rather important debate, sundry of the members observed through the windows a faint red glow which eventually became so alarming in its intensity as to interfere with the orderly course of the discussion. It was not long before the news ran round the benches that Drury Lane theater was alight, and so great was the general concern at what was considered almost a national disaster that a motion was made to adjourn the sitting. Sheridan, however, as Moore tells us in his life of the great orator, immediately expressed the hope—with an air of detachment that did him the greatest credit, considering his position as principal shareholder in the theater—that "whatever might be the extent of the present calamity it would not interfere with the public business of the country." That his courage was not daunted by so serious a personal disaster was proved by the fact that he reopened a week later at the Lyceum.

The destruction of "The Lane"—the third building since its foundation in 1663—was one of seven familiar disasters to London theaters in twenty years; but, whatever else happened, Drury Lane must be rebuilt. Nor was the decision on the part of the proprietors unbusinesslike in the least degree, for Horace Walpole, under the date of 1751, tells us how on the day appointed for the nationalization bill "the house of commons adjourned to attend at Drury Lane, where 'Othello' was acted by a Mr. Debanal and his family."

Drury Lane has passed through many vicissitudes in the course of its existence. The first building was very unfavorably described by Pepys, who writes of the discomfort caused by rain that found its way through the roof and drenched the occupants of the pit and also the bad acoustic qualities of the place. Fire put an end to these inconveniences in 1672. The second theater, which was designed by Wren and opened in 1674, had a much longer life, but was on two occasions the scene of attempts upon the royal family. In 1716 Freeman tried to shoot the Prince of Wales, who afterward became King George II., and in 1800 George III. was the victim of a similar unsuccessful attack at the hands of a lunatic. It was this same building which, as Walpole relates in one of his letters, was the scene of a lively disturbance in 1744, when an attempt was made to introduce pantomime for the first time. So great has been the change of popular sentiment on this point since that far off date that today winter in London without pantomime at Drury Lane is almost incredible.

The third building, which was opened in 1794, came to an untimely end, as we have seen, in 1809, and the inauguration of its successor three years later was marked by an event of considerable literary importance. The managers of the theater, being desirous of giving their new venture a good sendoff, invited the public to submit to competition suitable prologues, the prize poem to have the honor of being publicly recited from the stage upon the day of opening. A host of writers, including many of the best known names in contemporary literature, responded to the invitation, and this fact fortunately suggested to two brothers, James and Horace Smith, who were beginning to acquire a reputation in the world of letters, the notion of publishing anonymously a collection of prologues parodying the styles of various living writers of repute. As it was necessary that the little volume should be issued in time for the opening of the theater, the authors were compelled to complete their task in six weeks, but it is doubtful whether the quality of the work suffered much on this account. Indeed, in the preface to the eighteenth edition, published in 1833, it is suggested that the parodies gained rather than lost in effectiveness by being struck off, as it were, at a white heat.

The success of "The Rejected Addresses" was immediate and lasting. The two brothers found that they had leaped into fame at a bound, and the famous authors whom they had so successfully held up to kindly ridicule expressed their astonishment at the accuracy with which their peculiarities of style and expression had been reproduced. It was a notable achievement. Byron, whose prologue won the prize and was delivered in due course on the Drury Lane stage, writing to Murray, expressed his appreciation of the little volume that had made such a stir in the world and in a second letter told him that he liked it "better and better." Jeffrey in 1843 wrote that he took "The Rejected Addresses" to be the very best imitations (and often of difficult originals) that ever were made. But perhaps the comment which pleased the authors the most was that of a Lincolnshire clergyman (quoted in the preface of 1833) to the effect that he did not see why they should have been rejected. Indeed, he thought some of them very good. The reverend gentleman displayed "a plentiful lack" of humor in this pronouncement, but there will be few even today to quarrel with his judgment.—London Globe.

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The Drummer.

"I sometimes think," remarked the regular patron, "that the snare drummer should be the best musician in the theater orchestra."

"He usually is," said the drummer. —Chicago Tribune.

Nothing.

Jenkins declares that where he was in Switzerland the mercury often dropped to zero at night."

"That's nothing."

"What's nothing?"

"Zero."

"You have a fine house and piece of ground here!"

"Yep! Made it all with my pen.

"Writing?"

"Nope; pig."—Judge.

"What was he saying to you?"

"He was quoting Beaumont and Fletcher."

"Never heard of the stock. What's it quoted at?"—Cleveland Leader.

Just as soon as things begin to taste right to a sick person, the Atchison (Kan.) Globe pointedly says, the neighbors stop sending things in.

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
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Saturday, June 5, 1909.

Senator Aldrich says that the tariff bill will become a law and Congress be ready to adjourn by July 1st. Let us hope that he is not a false prophet.

President Taft has again pleased the South, which is easily pleased with good Republicans between elections and more easily pleased with any sort of a Democrat when an election comes.

Senator Aldrich seems to be the master of the situation as far as the tariff revision is concerned, but he does not seem to be able to control the long winded speeches of many of his colleagues.

The death of Col. A. K. Goodwin removes one who has long taken an active part in the political history of Rhode Island. He was always a staunch Republican and held many offices of honor and trust in his city. He will be greatly missed by the people of Pawtucket.

Ex-Governor Utter condemns Christian Science as one of the greatest humbugs of the age. In an address before the R. I. Medical Society Tuesday he told his audience that a man with a headache knows that he has an ache and you cannot tell him different. You cannot build a system of anything on a falsehood of that kind.

The tariff debate is dragging its slow length along in the U. S. Senate. Volumes are being said for the benefit of the constituents at home, but little real information of general interest is being developed. The country at large is tired of so much talk. What the business world wants is certainty of one kind or another. The people want the tariff question settled, and it matters little whether it is revised up or down, so long as the uncertainty is removed and the business public is satisfied that the fixed rate, whatever it is, shall remain fixed for the next four years at least. Then business will adapt itself to the fixed rate and the wheels of progress begin to revolve. As it is everything is clogged waiting for clearer light for the future.

The Massachusetts legislature is beginning to get over its fright in regard to the merger of the Boston & Maine and the New Haven railroads. The legislative committee has reported in favor of a holding company for the so called Billard stock and provides that the company may be financed by any railroad company. That means that the New Haven company may finance a company which shall take over and hold the 110,000 shares of Boston & Maine stock that was bought by the New Haven people and turned over to a dummy holder in the person of one Billard of Meriden, Conn., when the Massachusetts courts decided that the New Haven people could not hold the stock.

In the town elections in this State held Tuesday the Republicans won in most cases. In North Kingstown where the disgruntled ones joined with the Democrats and aided by considerable outside influence and advice, the Republicans won a signal victory, correcting more majorities than the opposition had votes. The so-called "reform" element in this town did not materialize to any appreciable extent, for the Republican majorities were fully up to former years. The Democrats won out in South Kingstown as usual, but by small majorities. The Republicans elected everything in Hopkinton. Exeter went Democratic the same as last year. Westerly and Richmond went Republican by large majorities. The most noticeable fight was in the city of Pawtucket, where by the ruling of the Supreme Court a new election was held to elect a councilman in the third ward. The fight was a bitter one but the Republicans won out by over two hundred majority. Thus it seems that the efforts of that great "reformer," Hugh J. Carroll, came to naught.

A non-partisan league with such well known Democrats as former Congressman Henry J. Spooner and former Governor L. F. C. Garvin as leaders is about as big a misnomer as was the late not lamented "Lincoln" party that flourished for a year or two in some of the towns and cities in the upper part of the State. This so-called "non-partisan" league is formed in Providence with the avowed object of defeating the proposed Constitutional Amendment which would give that city twenty-five representatives instead of twelve.

This defamation of league is to begin at once an open-air campaign, by the use of automobiles, for the promulgation of the objects of the new league and for the promotion of registration between now and the end of the present month.

We have heard of automobile political perambulations about the State before, but if we mistake not, the leaders in the crusade were nearly the same parties that now propose to reform the State. This party got badly left before and probably will this time. If the people of the city of Providence in any respectable numbers oppose these Constitutional amendments, they are standing in the way of their own advancement politically.

The Crop Outlook.

The latest reports from all parts of the country indicate that while there are some complaints of excessive rain, especially in the south, southwest and parts of the east, delaying cultivation or planting, the abundance of moisture has on the whole been beneficial to the crops. Warmer weather would be, however, desirable in many sections of the country. Winter wheat has made good progress, but the smaller area planted precludes any gain over last year. Reports from Kansas are unusually conflicting. In Kansas and Oklahoma the condition is reported below last year by some observers, and there are complaints of the plant heading very short. Wheat harvesting has begun in Texas, but that crop and oats are short in that state. Corn planting is well advanced, the crop is in good condition, and the largest acreage ever known is certain because of its taking the place of plowed-up wheat and oats.

The weather for spring wheat in the northwest has been good, and the tendency is to increase estimates of area planted. Some increase in area in flax and corn is expected because of the lateness of planting spring wheat. In the Canadian northwest seeding has been finished. The crop is up three inches in Manitoba, and with good weather the lateness in planting will be made up. A good crop of wheat is expected in California despite dry weather, but fruit conditions are reported low. Crop prospects in the Pacific northwest are good, and wheat especially looks well. Excessive rains, grassy crops and lateness in planting are indicated in the lower Mississippi valley. The boll weevil in Louisiana and parts of Mississippi renders the outlook in those states uncertain. Texas corn and cotton have been greatly benefited by rains. Sugar, rice and corn in the south all look well.

The President Economising.

An early indication of President Taft's determination to bring about economy in expenditures is reported from Washington, and that in relation to a service regarding which he is personally specially well informed, Mr. Taft is reported to have sent back to the war department the estimates submitted to him for the support of the military establishments during the fiscal year ending in 1911 with the suggestion that he desired them to be cut. These estimates were prepared during Secretary Dickinson's visit to Panama. They were carefully gone over by the Acting Secretary, Mr. Oliver, who reduced them to $171,859,000, or $18,000,000 less than the estimates for 1910, though about $16,000,000 more than the appropriations for that year.

After looking over the figures the President expressed a desire to have the figures reduced to an amount less by $20,000,000 than the appropriations for 1910. Thus far the Acting Secretary has managed to reduce the estimates by about half the amount asked for by the President, and the task is now to be taken up by the Secretary of War, Mr. Dickinson. According to Washington advices, army officers express the belief that a reduction such as the President asks for will practically preclude any construction work for the army during the fiscal year ending in 1911. This is much to be regretted. For there is a large amount of construction work, especially on the North Atlantic coast that should be done at an early date.

Reasons for Idleness.

An investigation made by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor shows some of the reasons for idleness in New York City during the period extending from October 1, 1908, to February 28, 1909. One thousand cases were considered, and of this number 924 were men, 14 women, and the remainder boys and girls. Of the 924 men, 578 were married. Singularly enough, skilled American workmen constituted a large number of the 1,000 cases, and their inability to procure work was due to hard times. Of the 1,000 cases, 520 were citizens of the United States, 405 of them being native-born.

The principal causes of idleness appear to have been either hard times, seasonal quietness in this or that trade, or accident and illness. Specifically, hard times caused 53.6 per cent. of the idleness; seasonal depression was responsible for 14.4 per cent. of it, while illness and accident furnished 18.6 per cent. Idleness was also due to other causes. Thus the fact that certain jobs were finished made for unemployment in 6.5 per cent. of the cases; inefficiency, 3.1 per cent.; strikes, 1.6 per cent.; and intemperance, 1.1 per cent.

An examination of the U. S. Senators' records shows the following professional and business statistics: farmers, 10; merchants, 4; corporation lawyers, 27; lawyers without special leanings, 40; bankers and holders of bank stocks, 21; manufacturers, 11; holders of railway stocks, 19; holders of industrial stocks, 26; holders of steamship interests, 6; holders of mining interests, 17; holders of lumber interests, 9; connected with public utility corporations, 8; owners of large tracts of land, 9; rated as poor men, 10; rated as millionaires, at least 22; indefinitely reported to have leanings toward corporations, 16.

Whatever other criticisms may be made of the tariff game in Washington nobody can find any fault with the admirable team work of Senator Aldrich, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"A Broken Idol."

It is very easy to understand why "A Broken Idol" which made its Boston bow at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, last Monday, had such a phenomenal run in Chicago, for it is a typical musical extravaganza that must be seen to be appreciated. Like a bottle of champagne, it is sparkling, frothy, gay and amusing, and no matter how hot the weather, it is sure to make one good-natured. Even were it not for the distinct novelties it presents in the way of scenic effects and surprises, the piece would take rank as the merriest comedy, or if you prefer to say it the way the authors do, the laughing song play of the Boston season. The musical numbers have an allure that is irresistible; the fun-making is rapid-fire and sure, and the setting is a revelation in itself.

There is a real plot in this charming farcicality, as it is called. It tells of a little Chinese wife living in the Chinatown of Los Angeles who is deserted by her white husband. He falls in with an English Lord who is in love with an American heiress.

The American heiress is in love with a newspaper man who hasn't any money which shows that he is a real reporter. The bad man tries to have the young man arrested for theft, but little Sing Wee, the Chinese girl, makes all turn out happily and gets her funny husband back, too. The plot amounts to little, but the girls and the colors and the sumptuous costumes and the beautiful stage settings are delightful. Of course Otis Harlan as Doc Whatt is the big fun-maker. Alice Yorke was the young heiress and sang her part sweetly and with becoming grace. Carrie Perkins is an old favorite in a part suited to her. Charles Bowers is another Boston favorite who is sure of a welcome every time he is seen here. George Richards renewed old acquaintance by an amusing impersonation of a politician. Miss Beaumont was pleasing and Miss Madge Voe as Sing Wee deserves a special word of praise. Among the sensational features of the piece was a long, sinuous dragon that wound itself around the stage and suddenly dissolved itself into a score of laughing dancing girls. The startling act which closed the play was the floating of the prima donna in an illuminated balloon out over the heads of the audience.

New England Summer Resorts

Concise and helpful information for the man who is planning a summer vacation for himself and family is contained in the Manual of Summer Resorts just issued by the Passenger Department of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company.

More than a thousand summering places in the most charming sections of New England are mentioned in this book. It tells the vacation seeker how to reach these places. It gives the names and locations of the best hotels and boarding cottages, together with their rates and it contains much other information that will prove helpful to the summer tourist.

The summer resorts of New England reached by the lines of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company offer manifold attractions to vacationists. It's the combination of mountain, seashore and country that makes southern New England such a charming place for a summer vacation.

Here are the Connecticut shore resorts, offering endless opportunity for the enjoyment of fishing, sailing and bathing. Here are the Berkshire Hills. Stretching easterly from New London are the summer retreats of Watch Hill, Block Island, Narragansett Pier, Newport, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Buzzards Bay and Cape Cod. The attractions of these places are pictured and set forth in such an alluring way in the New Haven Road's summer publications that it makes you want to pack your grip and start forthwith.

Copies of these books are sent free if you write to A. B. Smith, General Passenger Agent, Room 189, New Haven, Conn.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., June 5, 1909.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent June 3 to 7, warm wave 2 to 6, cool wave 5 to 9. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about June 7, cross Pacific slope by close of 8, great central valleys 9 to 11, eastern states 12. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about June 7, great central valleys 9, eastern states 11. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about June 10, great central valleys 12, eastern states 14.

This disturbance will cause a general rise in temperatures and the great cool wave will break up. Just previous to the coming of this storm center frosts will go farther south than usual and following it, as the next storm wave comes in, a great hot wave will extend farther north than usual. Exceedingly cool weather will cover Manitoba and northwestern states and provinces not far from June 7.

Third disturbance will reach Pacific coast about June 12, cross Pacific slope by close of 13, great central valleys 14 to 16, eastern states 17. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about June 12, great central valleys 14, eastern states 16. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about June 15, great central valleys 17, eastern states 19. This will be a notable storm wave. It will bring a great high temperature wave, a series of dangerous storms and will be followed by a severe cool wave. I cannot locate the dangerous storms and therefore advise all to be on the alert for them.

Not much rain will fall for several days before this storm wave passes but heavy rains will follow it. Near June 17 will be a period in which destructive storms may be expected.

There is nothing doing in the jungle, says an exchange, while Mr. Roosevelt is writing his first magazine article. "The monkey and the camel, too, the elephant and kangaroo" are being given a much-needed rest while Mr. Roosevelt himself, who never needs a rest, toils on.

The manner in which Mr. Aldrich is knocking out Mr. Bailey in the Senate discussions, or the results of those discussions, must be an affliction to Texas when she compares herself with Rhode Island on the map, says an Exchange.

It is said that William Jennings Bryan is thinking of taking up his residence in Texas at an early date. Perhaps he thinks his chances are better from a sure Democratic State.

Washington Matters.

Test Vote on the Income Tax Question—Sensational Announcements Regarding Defective Armor Plates—Land to be Restored to the District of Columbia—Notes

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., June 3, 1909.

The test vote taken on the income tax question in the Senate this week, is believed to foreshadow a victory for the Republican leaders in their plan to refer both the Baily and Cummins amendments to the Judiciary Committee. The vote to defer consideration of the income tax amendments until June 10 means that no amendments to provide for special taxes will be taken up by the Senate until the schedules of the tariff bill are adopted, and it is the intention, of course, of the Finance Committee to show that the new customs duties will raise sufficient revenue to support the government and that any special tax is wholly unnecessary.

The sensational character of the dispatches sent out from Washington concerning certain defective armor plates which have been found in the construction of the battleships North Dakota and Delaware, is greatly deprecated by the officials at the Navy Department. They explain that defective plates always are and always have been found from time to time; that it is not known what causes the blisters and, therefore, it has been impossible thus far to prevent their occasional occurrence. It has been the custom, heretofore, merely to reject the plates when found defective, without saying anything about it, but recently the department has adopted a new policy. As nothing was to be gained by secrecy, no effort is now made to conceal the fact that such defective plates have been found and rejected, although the first information to reach the public has received wholly unwarranted prominence.

Representative Hayes has acted on the suggestion made by President Taft recently at a dinner tendered by a number of Washington business men, in introducing a resolution in the House, this week, providing for the restoration to the District of Columbia of the land which was ceded to Virginia in 1846, and which prior to that time had been a part of the District of Columbia. This land comprises many thousands of acres in Alexandria County, across the Potomac River from Washington, and is used chiefly for agricultural purposes, although the town of Alexandria is included. Mr. Hayes' resolution provides that this land be again made part of the District, except the town of Alexandria, and authorizes the President to open negotiations through the War Department and to complete the transfer by July 1, 1910, and authorizes an appropriation of $100,000 for the transaction. In his address to the business men the President expressed the opinion that the act of Congress in ceding the land to Virginia was unconstitutional and that the District of Columbia should regain it. Mr. Hayes' resolution has been referred to the District of Columbia Committee and will not be acted on until the next session, but Representative Hayes believes that President Taft's interest in the plan will insure its passage.

President Taft and Secretary Knox are not a little disturbed over the reports which reach them of conditions in Cuba. It seems that the new Cuban government is just awakening to its freedom from American restraint and is in a fair way to muddle the finances of the island if it does not precipitate a national bankruptcy. The government is devoting its energies to the indulgence of varied and numerous extravagances while making small effort to supply the treasury of the island with funds. Those familiar with Cuban affairs know that unless this epoch of extravagance is soon checked it will precipitate a situation such as to cause the foreign creditors of Cuba to turn to the United States for assistance, making necessary another assumption of authority over the island. President Taft considers the situation down there far from satisfactory and is much concerned over it.

The action of Senator Baily in so far forgetting himself as to indulge in a fistic encounter with a Washington representative of a metropolitan daily is much censured throughout official circles, and by his conduct he has completely justified the expectations of those who have long believed that with brass knuckles and a blackjack he could down any man half his size, provided he could succeed first in hitting him from behind. This is not the first demonstration that Mr. Bailey has given of his inability to control his temper and while such outbursts are always seriously deplored by his colleagues, they injure no one but the Texan who has thereby impaired his standing almost hopelessly.

President Taft will have conferred on him, on June 3, honorary membership in the first blue lodge of Masons composed entirely of Americans in Great Britain, and the President says that on the occasion of the opening of the new lodge he will send a cable message of congratulation.

Some years ago Uncle Shelby Cullom of Illinois had "Billy" Mason for a colleague; now he's to have "Billy" Lorimer. Lorimer is a stronger man than Mason, and much less Falstaffian; Some Chicagoans speak of him as a political boss. The farmhouse gave him to the city. He has been in his time a sign-painter, a builder, a brick manufacturer, a real-estate man, and a congressman. This is his seventh term in the House of Representatives.

Harvard's new head believes in athletics. His predecessor held different views.

"Could you tell me where I can get a drink at this time of night?"

"No, sir!" says the officer, rebukingly.

The belated individual goes on his way, but at the next corner he has a new idea, so he returns to the faithful officer and inquires confidentially:

"Could you tell me where we can get a drink at this time of night?"—Life.

"That is what I call an ideal marriage," Hardey declared to his wife as they were walking homeward after an evening at the Carrolls'. "Actually, I believe both think absolutely alike."

"Yes, they are certainly charming," assented Mrs. Hardey, "but about the thinking, Joe. If you will notice she generally thinks first."—Youth's Companion.

The Pilot—What makes her go so slow?

The Engineer—We're passing through the milky way and the propeller's full of butter.—Life.

MUST GIVE CUPID A WIDE BERTH

Six Years of Training Before Middies Can Marry

Washington, June 2.—President Taft has approved a change in the naval regulations recommended by Secretary Meyer by which midshipmen are prohibited from marrying until the completion of the prescribed six years' course of training.

The naval academy regulations forbid any midshipmen marrying while at the academy, but do not apply to midshipmen who have graduated and are serving at sea.

No order existed preventing the midshipmen from marrying and yesterday's change in these regulations provides an absolute prohibition.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

Rev. Hiram K. Pervear, D. D., a retired Baptist clergyman, who had filled many important pastorates in Massachusetts, died at his home in Boston. He was 77 years of age.

Postmaster Almon K. Goodrich of Pawtucket, R. I., died as a result of recent shocks. He was 70 years of age. He had been mayor of the city in three different years.

Taken with cramps while he was swimming in Three Mile river, Taunton, Mass., Bayard Allen, 17 years old, was drowned.

Relief from the consequences of non-employment was secured by M. P. Cannon, Cambridge, Mass., 45 years old, when he leaped into the Charles river and was drowned.

John Hell, 60 years old, was instantly killed and William O'Meara, aged 50, was badly injured when a train hit them at Athol, Mass.

An order authorizing the Boston and Albany Railroad company to issue $1,500,000 worth of 20 year, 4 percent bonds was issued by the Massachusetts railroad commissioners.

Charles Kenny, for over a quarter of a century prominently identified with the livery business of Boston, died at his home in that city, aged 66. He served on the staffs of Governors Greenhalge and Wolcott.

James Johnson, aged 40, a sailor, fell down the afterhold of the schooner General W. S. Greeley at Portland, Me., and died instantly of a broken neck.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

JUNE 1909 — STANDARD TIME

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn	High water Eve.
5 Sat	4 29	7 27	9 22	8 31	8 47
6 Sun	4 29	7 28	10 17	9 21	9 45
7 Mon	4 29	7 28	11 5	10 11	10 29
8 Tues	4 29	7 29	11 45	11 00	11 24
9 Wed	4 28	7 29	12 0 a		12 00
10 Thurs	4 28	7 30	0 19	12 24	1 05
11 Fri	4 28	7 30	0 49	1 29	2 03

Full Moon, 3d day, 8h. 23m., evening.
Last Quarter, 10th day, 9h. 12m., evening
New Moon, 17th day, 6h. 38m., evening.
First Quarter, 24th day, 1h. 43m., evening

A Small Farm For Sale

Close to Trolley Line

I have for sale a very desirable small farm of about 8½ acres, with new 7-room cottage, in Middletown. This place is very close to trolley and well situated. Fine spring of water. An excellent place for an early vegetable and poultry farm. Price $3,750.

Apply at once to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue,

Newport, R. I.

Marriages.

In Newport, R. I., on the 2nd inst., Ida Gretchen Faerber of Newport to Dr. William L. Irvine of Providence.

Deaths.

In this city, 31st ult., at his residence, 37 West Broadway, Patrick Coffey, aged 80 years.

In this city, 1st., Alice A., wife of Alfred J. Bullock.

On June 3, Sarah Forbes Woodhull, widow of the late Philip Coombs and eldest daughter of Rev. Richard Woodhull, aged 79

In this city at her residence, Cottage street, 3d inst., Emily E. Hurd.

In Portsmouth, 3d inst., Rosalind A., wife of Rev. Frank J. Follansbee, aged 56 years.

In Jamestown, 31st ult., James C. Collins in his 64th year.

In Cranston, 30th ult., Albert Sherman, aged 78 years.

In Providence, 31st ult., Frederick H. Manchester.

In Providence, 1st inst., Hope Brown, widow of Henry G. Russell and daughter of the late Moses Brown and Anna Allen Ives.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE

SEATTLE FAIR OPENS ON TIME

President Taft Presses Button That Starts Wheels In Motion

KEY IS OF GOLD NUGGETS

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition Is Under Way, With Buildings and Gounds Completed and Exhibits In Place, Bearing Out the Motto of "the Show That Will Be on Time"—Scenic Beauty and Novel Features

Seattle, June 1.—The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition is open. At 12 o'clock, Seattle time, President Taft pressed the button which set the machinery in motion, using for the purpose a key formed of Alaska nuggets.

As the wheels in the various buildings began whirring and the latest of the world's fairs was declared officially opened one feature that excited the enthusiastic comment of the great crowds present was that the management had lived up to its motto of "the show that will be on time."

Not only were the buildings completed and the grounds covered with grass and flowers, as though they had been planted for years, but every exhibit was in place. It is the first time any exposition has actually opened on the opening day, and the departure has proved most welcome to the visiting thousands.

The ceremonies on the grounds began two hours before President Taft, on the other side of the continent, pressed the button that made the great fair a living thing. The agents presented carried out Charles Dana Gibson's verdict after visiting the grounds that the A.-Y.-P. is the "most beautiful exposition ever planned." Situated between two fresh water lakes in a forest of great trees with one open colonnade showing a background from different angles, the natural setting to the picture is ideal.

There are the usual buildings seen at expositions, with the advantage that many of these are to be permanent and after the fair is closed on Oct. 16 will be turned over to the University of Washington, on whose campus the fair is held. The fact that the exposition grounds belong to a college is the cause of a third novelty, which is that this is a "dry" show, no intoxicating liquors being sold in the vicinity. Still a fourth unique feature is that this exposition did not ask Uncle Sam for a cent. The $900,000 which was spent on the government buildings was given voluntarily. To most these are welcome departures and have created favorable comment.

Represents Vast Territory

Originally it was intended to make this latest of the expositions simply an Alaskan fair on which $100,000 would be spent. Then the plan grew to include the Yukon. At last it was concluded to make it representative of the entire Pacific civilization that is awakening and springing into being all about the shores of the world's greatest ocean. It ended up by spending at least a hundred times the amount first contemplated.

The A.-Y.-P. is commemorative of no past event. It is hung upon tomorrow rather than yesterday, a prophecy rather than a memorial. It exhibits what are unknown and undeveloped, the potentialities of the Pacific northwest. Alaska and countries bordering on the Pacific. Otherwise stated, it is an exposition of what is very largely unknown rather than of the highest development. Alaska has remained first in the title and inspiration of the exposition.

This territory, for which we paid $7,200,000, produces three times that amount every year in gold alone. In the last forty years it has produced, besides its gold, $80,000,000 worth of furs, and its fisheries have handled a product valued at $96,000,000. The exposition serves to show Americans that Alaska is an empire of agricultural and forest wealth as well as a treasure box of minerals.

But, while the exposition is important as a means of exploiting Alaska, it has a much broader aspect and significance. It serves to focus attention upon the undeniable fact that Seattle, the chief city of Puget sound, is the natural gateway to the greatest of the world's markets. It is the shortest road to the most promising fields of trade extension in the orient and the focus of northwestern development in the United States.

The far eastern countries bordering on the Pacific, including the Philippines and Hawaii, have the most elaborate exhibits at Seattle that they have ever attempted anywhere. Here it is possible to find out what these countries need as well as what they produce. Japan perhaps more than any other eastern nation has grasped the commercial importance of the exposition, and its official representation has been carried out on a comprehensive scale.

For the amusement street of the exposition a novel name and many novel features have been found. What was the Midway at Chicago, the Pike at St. Louis, the Trail at the Portland exposition and the Warpath at Jamestown is called the Pay Streak at Seattle.

The movement for a forty-hour working week was endorsed by the Massachusetts Postal Clerks' association at the annual meeting held at Salem, Mass.

John K. Arnold, an artist, who had painted the portraits of many distinguished men of Rhode Island, died at his home in Providence. He was 76 years old.

GREAT STRIKE MAY END TODAY

Influential Political Leaders Take a Hand In Philadelphia

THEIR DEMANDS MODIFIED

Men In Sympathy With Street Car Employes Say Transit Company Will Accept New Terms With Slight Modifications—Mobs Make Further Attacks—Mayor Suspends Two Police Captains

Philadelphia, June 4.—The strike of the motormen and conductors of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit company, which began on last Saturday morning, is now in the process of settlement and those having the matter in charge confidently assert that it will be brought to a close before night.

Influential political leaders bent all their energies toward bringing the trouble to a peaceable conclusion. Senator McNichol, the recognized Republican leader, and Senator Vare, who controls the down-town section, announced that they sympathized with the men and were trying to bring the strike to an end. After a conference with a number of the strike leaders at his home McNichol submitted to the company the demands of the men.

These, it is understood, were somewhat modified from their original demands. Twenty-two cents an hour, instead of twenty-five cents, originally asked by the men, is said to be the new demand. In addition the men ask the privilege of buying their uniforms in the open market, a day's work of not more than ten hours, the abolition of the "swing" system, the reinstatement of all the old men, and the settlement of all future difficulties by conferring with a committee representing the men.

These demands, when presented to the transit company, according to McNichol, were assented to with slight modifications. The modified agreement was returned to the men, who will make their final answer today.

For the first time since the strike began a number of the employes on the elevated road deserted their posts and joined the strikers. This line, however, continued in operation all day. Cars on the other lines of the company ran at irregular intervals until nightfall, when no further attempt was made to continue the service.

The report that the strike would probably be soon settled spread like wildfire last night, but not before the rioters in the Kensington district had started on their errand of destruction. Early in the evening a mob of nearly 2000 persons started for the main barn of the transit company for the purpose, as they declared, of destroying the structure. By the time the barn was reached there were nearly 4000 persons in the mob. The company had been warned of the approach of the mob and when the crowd reached the barn it was met by 600 policemen. This array of bluecoats has a quieting effect on the rioters and they dispersed after hurling a few stones through the windows.

At three other points the demonstrations early in the evening were almost as serious as in the Kensington district. Cars were wrecked, motormen and conductors were beaten, policemen were assaulted and several were injured by the indiscriminate throwing of stones and clubs by the lawless element.

The mayor ordered the suspension of Captains Dungan and Thompson, two veterans in the city's police service. No reason is assigned, but it is presumed they are charged with failure vigorously to suppress rioting.

GET TEN-HOUR DAY

Increase In Wages Also Granted Pittsfield Railway Employes

Pittsfield, Mass., June 4.—The cars of the Pittsfield Street Railway company are running with their usual regularity, the conductors and motormen who went on strike having returned to work.

By the agreement reached, the strikers gain their two principal demands, the increase in wages and a straight ten-hour day. The men will receive 21 cents an hour for their first year's service, and each succeeding year will receive a raise of 1 cent an hour until they reach a maximum of 25 cents an hour. After ten hours they will receive an overtime rate of 30 cents an hour. Three minor claims of the union, including the demand that the company shall employ none but union men, were withdrawn.

BEATRICE THAW A BRIDE

Ceremony at Rome Makes Pittsburg Woman Wife of Italian

Rome, June 4.—The marriage of Miss Beatrice Thaw, daughter of Alexander B. Thaw of Pittsburg, to Don Francesco Theodoli of Italy, took place at the Thaw residence here.

The bride wore a gown of Venetian lace. The ceremony took place in the conservatory, which was transformed into an exceedingly pretty nuptial chapel, with red damask and a profusion of flowers.

After the breakfast, the couple, according to Roman custom, proceeded to St. Peter's. Later they departed for Naples.

Forest Fires in Maine

Houlton, Me., June 4.—Two sets of farm buildings in Monticello were burned by fires which started in the woods, the loss being $14,000. Forest fires are reported in many places in southern Aroostook county.

HELD IN $25,000 EACH

Trio of Alleged Train Robbers Identified in Omaha Court

Omaha, June 3.—O. W. Woods, Fred Torgenson and James Gordon were bound over to the next grand jury to answer the charge of holding up and robbing a mail car on the Union Pacific railroad at the city limits of Omaha on the night of May 22. Judge Munger fixed each man's bail at $25,000.

Six small boys, who brought about the arrest of the alleged robbers by discovering their tools and reporting to the police through their teacher, testified to seeing the men near Brown Park school before and after the robbery occurred.

Members of the train crew and a number of postal clerks also were able to identify the men under arrest. The defense did not introduce any witnesses.

BULLET HOLE IN TEMPLE

Cashier Chapman Did Not Trust to River to Ensure Death

Damariscotta, Me., June 1.—The body of Lincoln H. Chapman, cashier of the Newcastle National bank, who presumably committed suicide on May 17 by shooting, after wading about twenty feet into the Damariscotta river, was found Monday on the shore at Hall's Point, three quarters of a mile below the point where he is believed to have shot himself. There was a bullet hole in the temple.

The body was discovered by Captain Larrson of schooner Wellington, who was sailing in a small boat. It was in a good state of preservation.

CUMMINGS SEES WAR IN THE AIR

Edward's Death Will Be Signal For Scrap With Germany

Boston, June 4.—Mathew Cummings, national president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and Rev. Philip J. O'Connell, state chaplain of the order, envoys to Ireland to accomplish an international reunion of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, arrived in Boston from New York last evening and were escorted to Faneuil hall, where a reception was held.

"There is a general feeling in England that when King Edward dies, war between England and Germany is inevitable, and in such an event every able-bodied Irishman in Ireland and in this country would fight for Germany, on condition that the freedom of Ireland was guaranteed," declared Cummings, in his after-dinner speech.

DIGESTIVE ORGANS FAILED

Mrs. Fisk, Vice Regent of National D. A. R., Succumbs to Starvation

Pawtucket, R. I., June 4.—Mrs. Stephen F. Fisko, vice regent of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution and prominent throughout Rhode Island, died last evening. According to the Fisk family physician, Dr. Wheaton, death was due to lack of nourishment. Mrs. Fisk was 57 years of age and was the wife of a druggist of this city.

Mrs. Fisk was operated upon for an internal trouble on March 24, but her condition was weak at the time, and since the operation her digestive organs had been so inactive that they could not perform their proper functions. The result was that she died from starvation, according to a statement issued by Dr. Wheaton.

FRANCE BREATHES EASIER

Statistics Indicate That Race Suicide Has at Last Been Checked

Paris, June 4.—The vital statistics of France, which in 1907 showed an excess of 19,892 deaths over the births for that year, a fact that led to the most pessimistic predictions for the future of the French race, have now been published for 1908.

Their study brings to light more reassuring official figures and shows an excess of 16,441 births over the deaths for that year. The total of deaths decreased 48,266 in 1908, while the births increased 18,067.

A Filipino Wedding

New York, June 2.—What was said to be the first marriage of Filipinos in the United States took place in the city hall here when Miss Tu-Go-Dan became the bride of a countryman briefly described as A'Lao. Alderman Smith performed the ceremony.

New Mill For Holyoke

Holyoke, Mass., June 2.—The board of aldermen last night ordered the sale of certain city property to the Germania Mills company, who have announced their intention of erecting on the site thus obtained a large woolen mill to cost $100,000.

Roosevelt to Visit Mission

Kijabe, June 4.—The Roosevelt special arrived at this station last evening. The American missionaries were at the station to greet Roosevelt. The members of the party will visit the mission today.

Steel Company Advances Wages

Pittsburg, June 2.—Several thousand employes of the Republic Iron and Steel company yesterday received an advance of 10 percent in their wages, effective at once.

To Drop Japanese Laborers

Vancouver, B. C., June 4.—H. L. Baldwin, head of the firm of the largest sugar planters in Hawaii, announced here that on account of the recent difficulties Japanese laborers in the island will be dropped and Portuguese will be imported to take their places.

POLITICIANS GO TO PRISON

Member of Boston Common Council Gets Two Years

CONSPIRED TO DEFRAUD CITY

Attorney Who Was Implicated With Him In Making Out False Order For Law Books Must Serve a Year—Former Alderman Who Worked Graft Game Receives Sentence of Three Years

Boston, June 4.—Leo F. McCullough, president of the Boston common council last year, was last night sentenced to serve two years at hard labor in the house of correction and Attorney James T. Cassidy was sentenced to serve one year at hard labor in the house of correction, both having been convicted of conspiracy to defraud the city and of the larceny of $200 by making out a false order for a set of law books.

At the same session former Alderman George H. Battis was sentenced to serve three years at hard labor in the house of correction, having been convicted of the larceny of money from the city in connection with the purchase of prizes for Fourth of July athletic contests under the auspices of the city in the years 1906 and 1907.

The McCullough-Cassidy case was the outcome of an order passed by the common council during McCullough's presidency, giving the president authority to draw on the city for $200 for the purchase of a set of law books for the president's office use.

Cassidy presented an order for the money, with a receipt from McCullough that he had delivered the books to him. An investigation disclosed the fact that Cassidy had never sold the books to McCullough and that McCullough had no set of law books for which the city had paid over the $200.

Battis was charged with having presented raised receipts for the purchase of athletic trophies, thus securing from the city several hundred dollars more than the actual cost of the trophies.

McCullough was president of the common council of 1908, it being during that period that the finance commission made the expose of the councilman, which was followed by his indictment by the Suffolk county grand jury.

The resignation of McCullough was read and accepted by the common council at its regular session last night.

The resignation was read by the secretary in the regular order of business and was as follows:

"For the purpose of saving the body of which I am a member any of the odium which may attach to my unfortunate position, I resign my membership in the common council."

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

Campaign For Reunion In Washington Is Strongly Endorsed

Minneapolis, June 4.—Telegrams from leaders of the Grand Army and Confederate Veterans from all over the country are being received by the Minneapolis Journal in approval of a campaign for a great reunion of the Blue and Gray to be held next year in Washington, under the supervision of the secretary of war.

Commander-in-Chief Nevins of the G. A. R. thinks the proposition should first come before the encampment at Salt Lake City, in August.

General Evans, commander-in-chief of Confederate Veterans, replied: "While I have no authority to speak officially, I can say personally that war passions are gone in the south."

BEEF BILL PASSED

Safeguards System of Stamping Meat In Massachusetts

Boston, June 3.—The bill to provide for better protection for the system of stamping beef was passed to be engrossed in the house. The bill says that no inspector shall permit the use of his beef stamp, and that no unauthorized person shall use a beef stamp.

The bill is a direct result of the exposure of the lax methods of stamping and inspection of beef in this state. It provides a penalty of $100 fine or imprisonment for sixty days or both.

Millionaire Seriously Injured

New York, June 4.—William W. McAlpin, the tobacco millionaire, was seriously injured by falling from a moving car which he had attempted to board here. McAlpin is suffering from contusions of the head and body and possibly a fracture of the skull.

Shakes In Portugal

Lisbon, June 4.—Earth shocks, accompanied by subterranean rumblings, continue daily in the Ribatojo district. No casualties have been reported, although many walls have collapsed.

Boston's Heavy Customs Receipts

Boston, June 4.—The customs receipts for the port of Boston in the month of May were the largest in any single month in the history of the port. The total amount was $2,861,683.24.

Quarry Workers' Strike Ends

Milford, Mass., June 4.—A strike at the quarries of the Massachusetts Pink Granite Quarries company of quarry workers, which threatened to tie up the extensive granite cutting and quarrying industry of the town, ended when the company accepted the workmen's demand for the discharge of a foreman.

WOOD IS RANKING OFFICER

Grade of Lieutenant General Ceases With MacArthur's Retirement

Washington, June 2.—Lieutenant General Arthur MacArthur, the ranking officer of the army, was placed on the retired list today by operation of law on account of age, and the grade of lieutenant general then ceased to exist in the army.

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GENERAL LEONARD WOOD.

Major General Wood, commanding the department of the east, becomes the ranking officer of the army, but without increase of rank.

WILD ANIMALS SPREAD RABIES

Infection Conveyed by Bites of Skunks and Wolves

Washington, June 3.—An interesting phase of a discussion of rabies at the annual conference of state and territorial health officers with the United States public health and marine hospital service was the fact that the disease is frequently contracted from the bites of skunks, wolves and other wild animals.

Assistant Surgeon General Kerr presented a large chart showing the geographical distribution of rabies in each of the states. He spoke of the measures adopted in various localities to combat rabies.

CURED OF LEPROSY

Many Persons Long Confined In Molokai Colony to Be Freed

Honolulu, June 4.—After some of them had spent twenty years of their life in the leper settlement on the island of Molokai, ten supposed lepers were yesterday declared to be free of the disease, following a re-examination.

Eleven persons were brought to Honolulu for examination at the instance of a legislative committee. Only one of the eleven re-examined was found to have leprosy, but some of the older freed patients will petition to be returned to the island of Molokai, as they have been shut off from the world and their friends so long that they have no other place to go.

Nineteen other supposed lepers will be brought from the settlement for re-examination in a short time.

TORE HIS SKIN OFF IN SHREDS

Itching was Intense—Humor Spread from Hands to Body—Work Interrupted and Sleep Often Impossible—Disease Resisted Treatment

BUT CUTICURA CURED HIM IN THREE WEEKS

"My trouble commenced about two years ago and consisted, at first, of an eruption of small pustules on my hands. Those spread later to other parts of my body, and the itching at times was intense, so much so that I literally tore the skin off in shreds in scaling relief. The awful itching interfered with my work considerably, and also kept me awake nights. I tried several doctors and used a number of different ointments and lotions but received practically no benefit. Finally I settled down to the use of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Resolvent Pills, with the result that in a few days all itching had ceased and in about three weeks' time all traces of my eruption had disappeared. I have had no trouble of this kind since. H. A. Krutskoff, 5714 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., November 13 and 23, 1907."

SKIN HEALTH

Effected by Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent.

The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of scalp, as in scalled head; the facial disfigurement, as in acne and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in tetter, or salt rheum—all demand a remedy of extraordinary virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent (liquid or pills) are such stands proven by unquestioned testimonials.

Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin and Cuticura Resolvent (50c.), (or in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60) to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

Money Deposited

On or before May 15th in our Participation Account draws interest from May 1st

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Specialties in Children's Hats.

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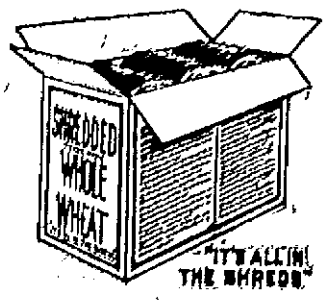


"IT'S ALL IN THE SHREDS"

OUR SUPPLY OF

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

as favorite breakfast cereal, is always fresh. We carry no stale stocks of anything.

S. S. THOMPSON.

DURING JUNE

for Coal taken on the wharf we ask for

White Ash, $6.35 per ton Cash

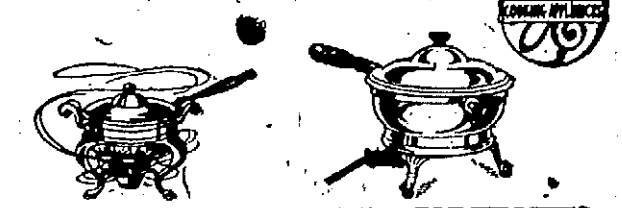
Red Ash, $6.85 per ton Cash

50c. Extra for Delivery.

NEWPORT COAL CO.

Phone 202 opp. Post Office.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

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SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

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Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Doctor's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—5:30 p. m.

Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

Real Estate Agent.

FOR A SPECIAL TRAIN

Quick Action Is Necessary When One Is Ordered.

WORK OF THE DISPATCHER.

This Official Has a Complicated Task In Putting the Special Through Without Interfering With the Running Time of Other Fast Trains.

Suppose you wished to take a special trip to any place on the map and the hour of your sudden resolution was 2 a. m. The chances are against knowing how to make this masterly move at such an unearthly hour, to say nothing of knowing how to go about it during the hours of business. It is easier than the uninitiated possibly may believe. Of course the principal thing is money, the thing that makes both the mare and the special train go.

The train dispatcher is the official who can start the train while his superiors are asleep and when a wild eyed man who has a race against death to make halfway across the continent dashes into the station looking for a train that will make the distance on its own schedule. What the chief dispatcher wants to be sure about is the identity of the applicant for the unusual privilege and in this connection whether he is able to pay for a special.

Five thousand dollars in bills will make the dispatcher feel very much like ordering out the train. A deposit of that amount in his hands will undoubtedly bring the train out in a few minutes after the order is given. Sometimes a call on the telephone to the residence of a well known citizen who says he will be responsible for the cost of the train will answer the requirements of the dispatcher, or the check of the applicant, if he is a well known citizen, is a sufficient guarantee. It can be made large enough to cover the bill for the special.

In the case of a wealthy man who will let nothing stand in the way of accomplishing his purpose the cost of the train is not a previous consideration. He simply wants to get to a certain point at a certain time. Getting there on time is the uppermost thought in his mind. He paces restlessly up and down the platform until the train backs into the station or on to the siding where he is notified it may be waiting for him. Unless he stipulates that a private car be used in the train he will get a Pullman all by himself or those who accompany him. The use of a private car costs more, but is preferred by the wealthy patron. When everything is ready for embarking the work of the dispatcher has just begun.

This official must put the special through without interrupting seriously the running time of other fast trains. It takes some ticklish work, for the other trains must be "cut out" on side tracks just before the special is to pass. In this way the schedules of the other trains are not broken more than a few minutes. The special dashes past on the right of way, and the regular fast train follows it. Freight trains using the same track are apt to lie on the sidings longer than the passengers because they cannot make distances between sidings quick enough to cut out in time to give the special a clear track.

The man who has paid his good money for the right to the track does not expect to be stopped en route, and it becomes the business of the railway or railways over which he is racing against time to afford him all the facilities. Usually in case of such an extraordinary emergency the railway takes great pride in making a record run and landing its patron at his destination in time to accomplish his purpose. The best engineers obtainable and a trustworthy conductor are placed in charge of the equipment of one engine and one car, for the running is at a rate of speed not undertaken in the passenger service.

Usually the extraordinary passenger is required to give the railway company some form of release from responsibility for loss of life or injury from accident due to what might be regarded under ordinary circumstances as a reckless speed, but the man who is racing to see a loved wife or daughter or son is always willing to take a greater risk than at any other time in his existence. But not only is his own life, but the lives of the train crew, in jeopardy during a wild race over the rails. However, on such an occasion the whole crew is imbued with the excitement and heroic nature of the fast mission, and contribute in every way to the fulfillment of the errand.

Thousands of dollars have been paid by private citizens for just such races with death and sometimes where great financial crisis is at stake. The railway companies, despite the large honorarium received for undertaking such journeys, are loath to accept a passenger on these conditions. The crisis must be one that involves remarkable stress of mind and money. Usually their acceptance of such great responsibility both to the single passenger as well as thousands of others who may be using the tracks at the same time is governed by a great deal of sentiment.—St. Louis Republic.

Court Dwarfs.

Until about little more than a century ago dwarfs were frequently kept as court toys. Records of them might be multiplied almost indefinitely.

Bebe, the dwarf of Stanislas, King of Poland, lived to be ninety years of age, dying in Paris in 1858, and is variously described as having measured thirty-five inches and twenty-eight inches. Iris, niece of Augustus, had two dwarfs, each twenty-eight inches in height, and Maximilian Karlin had two whose joint height was seven feet two inches. The Emperor Augustus had a dwarf named Lucius whose height was two feet and weight nineteen pounds. The last named dwarf died in England, and Coppernole, who is believed to be the Princess of Wales, died under George III.

RAW DRUGS.

Castor Oil Comes as Pretty Little Brown and Black Beans.

Upon going into a pharmacy and looking over the mysterious jars and bottles and boxes that line the shelves did you ever wonder where on earth all of the drugs came from and how they appeared before they were ground up and made into oils or dried or pulverized or crystallized into queer shaped lumps? Each jar and box seems to hide some secret which you immediately become curious to solve. How many different lands do they represent? And, after they leave the jars that hold them now, what are they made into?

Who, for example, would connect a great pile of dry, thin twigs, neatly tied into small bundles, with sarsaparilla? These twigs are the creeping roots and rootlets of a prickly shrub that grows in Jamaica, and they are worth from 10 to 50 cents a pound.

Somewhat similar in appearance is ipecacuanha, which also comes to us in dry twigs, which are part of the trailing root of a plant found in the damp forests of Brazil.

These roots receive no preparation save drying before they are shipped off to the United States. They are packed in large sacks, and the workmen who open the bales must beware of breathing the pungent, irritating dust given off, which is productive of unpleasant results if incautiously inhaled.

Castor oil, too, is hard to recognize in the pretty little brown beans, spotted with black and with polished skins, that arrive in bags from India. They look far too attractive to suggest the much hated dose of our early days.

Aloes, the base of many nauseous medicines, may be seen in its crude form as a solid mass resembling brown sealing wax, packed in heavy wooden boxes, from which it is chipped out in flakes with a chisel and hammer.

It is of different qualities and prices, according to whether it comes from Arabia, Socotra or the West Indies, and may bring any sum from $4 to $45 per hundredweight. Aloes is the juice of the big fleshy leaves of the plant of that name. This juice is pressed or evaporated from the leaves and poured into chests or kegs in a semifluid state, hardening presently into a solid block. Not infrequently it is inclosed in the dry skins of monkeys and in this strange form brought to market.

One of the most interesting of drugs is opium, both on account of its awful potency and by reason of its great value. A case of opium, about 225 pounds, is worth $400 roughly. The case is of rough deal lined with tin and contains a number of soft, dark lumps, like large handfuls of dough packed very closely together in a quantity of dry, chaffy seeds.

The opium which reaches America is of two qualities, one for medicine, the other for smoking, and comes from Persia and Asia Minor, China and India.—St. Louis Republic.

MONEY OF THE RICH.

Of More Use Foolishly Spent Than Hoarded or Lying Idle.

A great reservoir of water undistributed leaves men and women to perish of thirst and growing crops to parch and die. So also vaults bulging with stagnant money leave men and women to perish in abject poverty and ripened crops to rot within the fields and orchards that grew them. Therefore what happens to the dollars of the millionaire is a question of the first importance.

Those of us who believe in praying for material blessings will do well to pray long and earnestly that rich women will never cease to buy $100 hats and $1,000 gowns, with diamonds and other jewels to match; that they will continue to give balls and teas and entertainments of the most expensive kind; that they will be recklessly extravagant in gewgaws and folderols of every description, because it will be good for us who depend upon an income drawn from the multitude of operations involved in producing, merchandising and transporting all those gewgaws and other gimcracks that go to keep extravagance at a high pitch.

Let us hope that rich men's sons will continue to spend their fathers' money as foolishly as they are reputed to do—not because it will be good for them, but because it will be good to have the money poured into the wage earner's money channels.

Let us doubly hope that the rich men may be prospered in their money getting, because they will not let it lie idle. Whatever their wives and children do not spend they put into stocks and bonds and thereby turn it into the wage earner's money channels. Let us be thankful, too, that neither the dollars of the rich nor the dollars of the poor are of any value save as they go into the wage channels of active circulation.—P. W. Hewes in Harper's Weekly.

His Shrewd Idea.

"Who is that sour looking girl with the heavy mustache?"

"That is the only daughter of old De Milyunn."

"And who is the dainty bit of sweetness with the blue eyes and golden hair?"

"That's the chaperon."

"What's the explanation?"

"Why, he's old De Milyun's clever son. He thinks his fame will be perfectly safe as long as Wise Blossom is around."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Didn't Pass It.

A missionary in Trinidad once asked a negro sitting in idleness by the roadside how he managed to pass the time away in the sun unless he did not allow time pass me. "Me smoke pipe," was the quaint and philosophical reply.

Tommy's Choice.

Good Mother—Tommy, darling, this is your birthday. What would you like to do? Tommy, Darling (after a moment's reflection)—I think I should like to see the baby spanked! Paris Figaro.

"The highest manhood resides in disposition, not in mere intellect."—Bovee.

THE MIRAGE.

Conditions That Make Possible This Beautiful Illusion.

About that natural phenomenon, the mirage, much mystery clung in days of old, but science explains it as readily as the rainbow.

The fata morgana of the strait of Messina and the specter of the Brocken were nothing more in sober reality than mere mirage.

A mirage may occur at any place where the denser stratum of air is placed above the lighter stratum, thus refracting the rays of light, the common surface of the two strata acting as a mirror.

In looming mirages distant objects show an extravagant increase in vertical height without alteration in breadth. Distant hummocks of ice are thus magnified into immense towers and pinnacles, and a ship is sometimes abnormally drawn out until it appears twelve or thirteen times as high as it is long. Rocks are seen drawn up to ten or twelve times their proper height. Houses as well as human beings and animals appear in like exaggerated shape.

Another form of mirage is when a ship or some other object near the water seems greatly elongated and a second inverted image meets it from above.

Sometimes the proper image of the object is elevated far above the sea, while the second image strangely appears inverted beneath it, the whole surrounded by a sheet of sky which is mirrored and repeated within it.

In 1882 in the arctic region Captain Scoresby recognized by its inverted image in the air his father's ship, the Fame, which afterward proved to be seventeen miles beyond the visible horizon of his observation.

One August evening in 1806 Dr. Vince saw from Ramsgate, at which place only the tops of Dover castle towers are usually visible, the whole of the castle. It appeared as though lifted up and bodily placed on the near side of the intervening hill. So perfect was this illusion that the hill itself actually could not be seen through the figure.

Some forms of mirage are lateral as well as vertical, arising from unequal density of two contiguous vertical bodies of air. Thus on Lake Geneva a boat has been seen double, the two images some distance apart.

Persons have been duplicated in the same way. Any one on a hot day by placing his eyes near to a heated wall may see lateral mirages of objects at a distance and nearly on a line with the wall.

Mirages are very frequent on deserts or the large sandy plains which abound in the southwestern states and territories. Many a panting wagon train has pushed on in joyous haste at the sight of a green grove or limpid lake, only to be cruelly disappointed at the fading away of the vision. Is it any wonder that the natives and Indians regard the phenomenon as the work of evil and tantalizing spirits?

Lake Ontario is famous for beautiful and wonderful mirages, during which the opposite shore of the lake is plainly visible from either side.—Pearson's.

Sixteenth Century Meals.

Judging from a passage in Harrison's "Description of Britain," breakfast eating in the sixteenth century was held to denote effeminacy. "Heretofore," he writes, "there hath been more time spent in eating and drinking than commonly is in these days; for whereas of old we had breakfasts in the forenoon, beverages or nuntions, after dinner, and thereto reare suppers when it was time to go to rest, now these od repasts, thanked be God, are verie well left, and ech one (except here and there some young hungrie stomach that cannot fast till dinner time) contenteth himself with dinner and supper onlie. The nobilitie, gentrie and students ordinarlie go to dinner at 11 before noon and to supper at 5 or between 5 and 6 at afternoon. The merchants dine and sup seldom before 12 at noon and 6 at night, especialie in London. The husbandmen dine also at high noon and sup at 7 or 8, but out of the tearme, in our universities, the scholars dine at 10."

Saved by His Wit.

The French author Martainville was a royalist and did not hesitate to attack the French revolution and its authorities. Presently, of course, he was summoned to appear before the revolutionary tribunal, with the terrible Fouquier at its head. The revolutionary tribunals at that time did not hesitate to send everybody to the guillotine who had ventured to attack them. Martainville expected to go with the rest of the victims. "What is your name?" asked the revolutionary judge. "Martainville," said the young author. "Martainville," exclaimed the judge. "You are deceiving us and trying to hide your rank. You are an aristocrat, and your name is De Martainville." "Citizen president," exclaimed the young man, "I am here to be shortened, not to be lengthened! Leave me my name!" A true Frenchman loves a witticism above all things, and the tribunal was so much pleased by Martainville's prompt response that it spared his life.

The Krakatoa Eruption.

Perhaps the most remarkable volcanic eruption known was that which took place in August, 1883, at the island of Krakatoa, in the strait of Sunda. Streams of volcanic dust were thrown seventeen miles high, and more than a cubic mile of material was expelled from the volcanic crater. The air wave created by the explosion traveled around the earth seven times. The noise was heard at Macassa, 900 miles away; at Banka, 1,116 miles distant; in Western Australia, 1,700 miles away, and even at Rodriguez, distant more than 2,000 miles. The dust and powdered pumice thrown out of the crater made the entire circuit of the earth before settling down and were the cause of the strange sunsets that were observed for many months.—New York Ledger.

Man With the Conundrum.

The man with the fretful eyebrows and the sorrowful ears comes to the desk of the man with the dispirited mustache and asks:

"Why is a man who goes on an expedition to discover the south pole and after many months of toil and privation during which he eats all his canned goods and half of his dogs and then returns to civilization with a fixed appetite for boot heels and hat brims—why is he like a woman who has been waiting impatiently since midnight for the sound of the latchkey as her husband endeavors to unlock the front door without awakening the entire neighborhood?"

The man with the discouraged mustache shakes his head impatiently, and the other repeats the question, whereupon the man with the discouraged mustache asks:

"What is the difference between a lady reading a hair restorer ad. and a man who asks fool questions when you are busy? Answer—Because they are both about ready to die."

"Oh, very well!" sniffs the man with the fretful eyebrows and the sorrowful ears. "The answer to mine is that both are getting ready to deliver a lecture, but I wouldn't tell you if you pleaded with tears in your eyes."

And with a haughty tread he departs.—Chicago Post.

Stevenson and Dreams.

Robert Louis Stevenson owed much of his inspiration to dreams. In one passage he attributed some of his finest work to the "brownies" who tenanted his brain during moments of unconsciousness. "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" owes its origin to a dream. "I had long been trying to write a story on this subject," writes Stevenson, "to find a body, a vehicle, for that strong sense of man's double being which must at times come in upon and overwhelm the mind of every thinking creature. For two days I went about racking my brains for a plot of any sort, and on the second night I dreamed the scene at the window and a scene afterward split in two, in which Hyde, pursued for some crime, took the powder and underwent the change in the presence of his pursuers. All the rest was made awake and consciously, although I think I can trace in much of it the manner of my brownies."

Double Quick Composing.

Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote the overture to "The Yeomen of the Guard" in twelve hours and that to "Iolanthe" in less space of time—from 9 p. m. to 7 a. m. But even this capacity for speed in composition is eclipsed by M. Bompard, who for a wager composed the music to a song in ten minutes. Mr. N. Trotere, however, is the composer of whom most quick time anecdotes are told. His beautiful song "Asthore" was both written and composed in forty minutes in Blanchard's restaurant. The melody of "In Old Madrid" was the result of a sudden inspiration. It came to the composer while on his way home from the aquarium. Lest it should escape him he rushed into a small public house in Rochester row, seized a biscuit bag and on it jotted down the air. But Mr. Trotere holds the championship. It is said that he actually composed "The Brow of the Hill," wrote a letter and ran 400 yards to post it in eight minutes.—Dundee Advertiser.

Odd Names In China.

Chinese children are endowed with strange Christian names. Their girls, for instance, are not called Mabel, Jenny or Matilda, but Cloudy Moon, Celestial Happiness, Spring Peach or Casket of Perfumes. Their boys get less attractive names, being made for work and wisdom rather than pleasure and dancing. Thus we find a little two-year-old Practical Industry; three-year-old, Ancestral Knowledge; four-year-old, Complete Virtue; five-year-old, Discreet Valor. To their slaves they give still another set of names. Not For Me, Joy to Serve, Your Happiness and Humble Devotion may be taken as typical examples.

Harold Chose the Easier Way.

Maynard had been naughty, and his father, after showing him his fault, had sent him up to his room to ask God to forgive him for being a bad boy. Three-year-old Harold was present, but seemed to take no notice of the conversation. It was his turn, however, before many days to receive punishment, and his father took him across his knee. "Oh, don't, papa," he said. "I would rather go upstairs and pray."—Delineator.

John's Great Loss.

"For goodness' sake, Harriet, why so sad?"

"The cook's left, but that isn't the worst of it. She took with her the recipe book for all the things John's mother used to make."—Brooklyn Life.

Not His Hat.

Principal—Johnnie, I'm surprised that your French is so weak. Now, think. Chapeau—what is that? What does your father throw up when he's merry? Johnnie—His job, sir.—London Tit-Bits.

A Crusher.

A consequential little man entered the commercial room of a big hotel not long back and gave a vigorous pull at the bell. As no one answered he rang again more loudly than before. A maidservant then came in, and the following colloquy took place:

Servant—Who rang that bell?

Little Man (making most of his height)—I did.

Servant (scornfully)—And who lifted you up to it?—London Telegraph.

Oddity of Dreams.

"Nobody ever feels pain in a dream," said a psychologist. "Rage, terror, joy, grief—these emotions stab us as poignantly in dream as in reality. But physical pain, no. I have interrogated 2,000 persons, and none of them ever suffered dream pains. Yet they have dreamed of dreadful motor accidents, tortures, death. One young girl, indeed, dreamed time and again of being eaten alive by cannibals, yet even in that horrible nightmare she felt no pain."

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be sued one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers* to rider agents.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderfully low prices* we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost.

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SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8 or $10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the usual retail prices.*

$8.50 HEDGETHORN PUNCTURE-PROOF SELF-HEALING TIRES *A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY* **$4.80**

The regular retail price of these tires is $8.50 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for $4.80 (cash with order for $4.55).

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IF YOU NEED TIRES Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above, or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

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J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

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A Good Manager.

Mike Clancy had only just been placed in charge of a gang of laborers on a building in Belfast, and the opportunity to show his authority could not be passed over.

"New," he said to the men, "yez are to wortuk for me, and I want ivery man to understand what's what. I kin lick anny man in the gang!"

The insult was swallowed by all except one rough looking customer at the end of the line.

"You can't lick me, Mike Clancy!" he said insinuatingly.

"I can't, can't I?" bellowed Mike.

"No, yez can't!" was the reply.

"Then go to the office and get your mony!" thundered Mike. "I'll have no in-sub-ord-nates here!"—Tit-Bits.

"My lines," remarked the poet, "haven't always fallen in pleasant places."

"I suppose not," rejoined the horse reporter. "The average waste basket is anything but a pleasure resort."—Chicago Daily News.

"That young feller ain't long for this world," opined Pizen Pete.

"He looks healthy enough."

"He is. But he wants to pay the bad man, and nature never intended him for the part."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The barn-stormer was playing "Richard the Third."

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for, a horse!" he roared.

"If ye quit naow ye'll be able to ketch the ten-thutty trolley," came a tired voice from the gallery.—Harper's Weekly.

Polly Prim—They tell me you are dissipated young man. Now, I suppose you never see the sun rise."

Jack Rapidde—No, I don't often stay up quite that late.—Philadelphia Record.

The daughter—What objection have you to my marrying him, mamma?

The Mother—Because, dear, I think you can do better. "But couldn't I always do better?"

See all the new hats! How fruitful some of them looked! Every peach has its own "basket."—Westerly Sun.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Starting an Endless Chain.

Both father and mother struggled valiantly to teach little Effie to repeat the letter "A." The child emphatically refused to pronounce the first letter of the alphabet and after many vain efforts the father retired from the fight discouraged. The mother took the little girl on her lap and pleaded with her affectionately.

"Dearie, why won't you learn to say 'A'?" she asked.

"Because, mamma," explained Effie, "des as soon as I say 'A' you an' papa will want me to say 'B.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Enlightened.

"We all make blunders. I thought once I was a square peg when I was really a round one."

"How did you find out your mistake?"

"I got into a hole."—Boston Transcript.

It Depended.

Chappy—Would you marry a woman who had sued another man for breach of promise?

Sappy—It would depend largely on how much the jury had awarded her.—Club Fellow.

He Understood.

"Now, Johnny, do you understand thoroughly why I am going to whip you?"

"Yes'm. You're in a bad humor this morning, and you've got to lick some one before you feel satisfied."—London Tit-Bits.

"He's a man of some standing in the community, isn't he?"

"I should say so. He rides on the 14th avenue line, where men have to be."—Detroit Free Press.

Nell—When they were married he promised not to interfere with her religion.

Belle—Yes, and now he refuses to buy her a new hat for Easter.—Philadelphia Record.

A woman forgets all her troubles when she is wearing a new hat for the first time.

Even the druggist who doesn't care for society should be a good mixer.

His Bad Handwriting.

Dean Farrar in his "Reminiscences" says that the first proofs of Dean Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine" informed the reader that from the monastery of Sinai was visible "the horn of the burning beast!" This was a fearfully apocalyptic nightmare of the printer's devil for "the horizon of the burning bush." The original proof sheets also stated that on turning the shoulder of Mount Olivet in the walk from Bethany "there suddenly burst upon the spectator a magnificent view of—Jones!" In this startling sentence "Jones" was a transmogrification of "Jerus," the dean's abbreviated way of writing "Jerusalem." When the dean answered an invitation to dinner his hostess has been known to write back and inquire whether his note was an acceptance or a refusal, and when he most kindly replied to the question of some workingman the recipient of his letter thanked him, but ventured to request that the tenor of the answer might be written out by some one else, as he was "not familiar with the handwriting of the aristocracy."

Was Cleopatra Beautiful?

Archaeologists have discovered on coins portraits of Cleopatra, and critics have confronted these portraits with the poetic descriptions of Cleopatra given by Roman historians and have found that in these descriptions there was at least much fancy. In the portraits we do not see the countenance of a Venus, delicate, gracious, smiling, nor even the fine and sensuous beauty of a Marquise de Pompadour, but a face fleshy and, as the French would say, "bouffie," with a powerful aquiline nose—the face of a woman on in years, ambitious, imperious, which recalls the face of Maria Theresa. It will be said that judgments on beauty are personal; that Antony, who saw her alive, could judge better than we who see her portraits half faded out by the centuries; that the attractive power of a woman emanates not only from corporeal beauty, but also, and yet more, from her spirit. The taste of Cleopatra, her vivacity, her cleverness, her exquisite art in conversation, are acclaimed by all.—Guglielmo Ferrero in Putnam's.

A Modest Fee Appreciated.

Shortly before Dr. W. T. Bull, New York's famous surgeon, was stricken with his fatal illness a young east side physician called at his office and said that he was attending a poor girl over in his neighborhood who would surely die unless operated on. The family was too poor to pay and the doctor did not feel that he was equal to the operation. Would Dr. Bull give him a little advice as to how to proceed?

"Well, I guess we had better go and take a look at the patient," said Dr. Bull, putting on his coat.

They found the patient in an east side tenement, and in less time than it takes to tell it Dr. Bull had the room cleared and began the operation. When he was leaving the father of the girl met him in the hall and forced a quarter into his hand. Dr. Bull thanked him and went off feeling happier than if he had received a $1,000 fee. The girl got well.

The Third Way.

The Midland express was slowing up in Derby station. An American traveler, his finger keeping the place in his Baedeker, addressed the carriage:

"Can you tell me whether this place is 'Derby' or 'Darby'? I have heard both."

"The original and therefore the correct pronunciation," replied a precise looking passenger, "is 'Darby.' I have seen it spelled 'Darbie' on old maps. It is also the form used in common speech."

"You'll find 'Derby' is right," rejoined a passenger, less precise. "It's spelled like that, and the people up in the north of the county say 'Derby.'"

At this point the train stopped, and a porter bawled loudly into the carriage, "Dawby!"—Manchester Guardian.

Sven Hedin's Experience.

Dr. Sven Hedin, the famous traveler and explorer, had some terrible experiences during a journey through Tibet. He told how, owing to the high altitude at which he and his party traveled, that to unbutton one's coat meant acute pain and tension to an overwrought heart, which literally was at the point of breaking. His only safety lay in the fact that he never left the saddle for a single moment from morning till evening. Had he done so his heart would have given way. At one time they were nine days without water, and when at last he saw a small pool Dr. Hedin drank five pints without stopping.

The Gift.

"Accused of begging!" exclaimed the magistrate. "Why, you are the very man who was begging at my door yesterday!"

"Yes," assented the vagrant, with a sneer, "and you didn't give me anything."

"Well, I'll give you something now—fourteen days!"

And He Did.

"I believe we are all ready," said the young man who was about to officiate as the bridegroom.

"All right. I will join you in a moment," replied the clergyman, rising.—Chicago Tribune.

Answering a Foolish Question.

Lecturer—Mr. Committeeman, I want a glass of water placed on a small table on the stage tonight. Committeeman—To drink? Lecturer—No; I make a high dive in the second paragraph.—Chicago News.

All is holy where devotion kneels.—Holmes.

Dr. Emdee—When are you going to pay your bill? I'm getting out of patience.

Mr. Wise—If you didn't send so many of them to the graveyard you wouldn't get out of patients so fast.

Howell—Did you have double pneumonia?

Powell—I guess so; the doctor charged me twice as much as I thought he would.—Harper's Weekly.

A Hotel Dinner.

On the midnight train ride from town, where he and his wife had been entertaining one of his best patients at dinner and the theater, the suburban doctor spoke bitterly:

"What a dinner! And it cost $15. The cooking in these big hotels is atrocious. They smear sauces over everything. I suppose it is to hide poor materials."

"It isn't the fault of the cook that our dinner was a failure. It was its selection that damned it."

"What was the matter with the selection?"

"You should not have done the ordering. You have your meals chosen for you almost every day in the year. It is the women of people in our circumstances who ought to arrange the menus at restaurants. Look what you ordered! Bisque of lobster—a soup with a body of thick white sauce. Sweetbreads—cooked, as usual, with a cream dressing. Virginia ham with champagne sauce—a brown sauce as thick as molasses. Then for dessert you took a chance on pudding Reine Victoria—candied fruit and lady fingers swimming in soft custard."

"Well, how is a fellow to know? Lobster soup, sweetbreads, Virginia ham and pudding Reine Virginia—it sounds fine."

"But a woman knows that it is a wretched combination of splendid dishes. It is the woman's dull duty to choose menus for 365 days in the year. She learns a good deal about selection. Yet when a sum of money, equal to a week's food expenses, is to be squandered on one dinner at a hotel it is the man who seizes the menu and tries to look capable. He makes a failure frequently, as you did tonight. It would have been a pleasure for me to order a fifteen dollar dinner—a change from manipulating dinner for four on $1. But men feel too important in a restaurant to submit the menu to their wives for assistance."—Exchange.

Feats of Rapid Composition.

M. Bonipard, a French musician who for a wager has composed the music to a song in ten minutes, is a formidable rival to Mr. H. Trotere, of whose feats of rapid composition some remarkable stories are told. His beautiful song, "Asthore," was, it is said, both written and composed within forty minutes in Blanchard's restaurant; the famous melody of "In Old Madrid" was jotted down in a few minutes on a biscuit bag in a little public house in Rochester row, into which the composer rushed on his way from the Aquarium lest the air should escape him before he could reach home. "Go to Sea" was composed under similar conditions in a West End music shop; and—crowning feat of all—it is actually said that Mr. Trotere composed "The Brow of the Hill," wrote a letter and ran 400 yards to catch the post, all inside of eight minutes. After this one learns without surprise that Sir Arthur Sullivan completed the overture to "Iolanthe" between 9 P. M. and 7 the next morning, and that to "The Yeomen of the Guard" within twelve hours.—Westminster Gazette.

Overfeeding.

"Men drunk from liquor and men drunk from overeating are most susceptible to pneumonia and die of it," said a Chicago health commissioner in an address. "The majority of cases of pneumonia are of patients who contracted the disease after a drunken debauch or who were drunk from overfeeding," the commissioner continued. "People drunk from overfeeding, I think, are almost as immoral as those who stupefy themselves with liquors. The effects of pneumonia in such patients are much the same."

His Shrewd Idea.

"Who is that sour looking girl with the heavy underjaw?"

"That is the only daughter of old De Milyuns."

"And who is the dainty bit of sweetness with the blue eyes and golden hair?"

"That's the chaperon."

"What's the explanation?"

"Why, it's old De Milyun's clever idea. He thinks his Jane will be perfectly safe as long as Miss Blossom is around."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her First Party.

Lucile, a carefully brought up little girl of five years, returned from her first party in great glee.

"I was a good girl, mamma," she announced, "and talked nice all the time."

"Did you remember to say something pleasant to Mrs. Townsend just before leaving?" her mother asked.

"Oh, yes, I did," was the enthusiastic reply; "I smiled and said, 'I enjoyed myself, Mrs. Townsend; I had a lots better dinner than I thought I'd have.'"—Bee Hive.

"Now where did I lay my rat, I wonder?" fretted Mrs. Trousseau.

"Your—er—rat?" said her husband. Do you mean that fluffy thing you put on your head?"

"Of course!"

"I'm sure I don't know, my dear; but why call it a rat? Rabbit would be better—it would sound more like real hare."—Lippincott's.

He was out with his best girl, and as they strolled into the West End restaurant he tried to put on an I-do-this-every-evening kind of look. When they were seated at a table a waiter approached them.

"Will monsieur have a la carte or table d'hote?" he asked.

"Both," said the young man; "and put plenty of gravy on 'em."—Tit-Bits.

Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him.

"Well, Jones," he said, "I hear that the Lord has smiled on you."

"Smiled on me?" repeated Jones. "He laughed out loud at me!"—Everybody's.

"Can you tell me why it is," asked Mr. Henpeck in the lapse in the conversation of his spouse, "that when they speak of their native country it always is the fatherland, but when they speak of the language they invariably call it 'the mother tongue?'"—N. Y. Press.

Husband—Well, what did the phrenologist say about Willie's head?

Wife—Nothing. He simply sighed and handed me my money back.

Husband—Just as I expected. He's going to be a poet.—Exchange.

Madame—Oh, doctor, I owe you my life!

The Doctor—But—there is my bill also, madame!—Le Rire.

Mirrors for the Sick.

[From the New York Times]

The looking-glass, whether a plus or a minus quantity, plays a more important part in the sickroom than most nurses and physicians give it credit for. "All things considered, I think it a good plan to give a sick person a chance to look at himself occasionally," said a West Side doctor. "Of course, the indulgence must be granted with discretion. If a patient is really looking seedy, a turn at the looking-glass is equivalent to signing his death warrant; but if taken at a time when braced up by some stimulant or a natural ebullition of vital force, a few minutes of communion with his own visage beats any tonic I can prescribe. It thrills the patient with new hope. It makes him feel that he isn't quite so far gone as he had thought and that possibly a fight for life is after all, worth while. Being thus sensitive, a persistent withholding of a mirror convinces the patient that he must be too horrible for contemplation, and he promptly decides that the best thing for him to do is give up the ghost and get out of the way. That is one of the mistakes hospitals were apt to make up to a few years ago. When I was a young fellow, getting my first practice after graduation, I served on the staff of several hospitals, and in all, especially in the free wards, those aids to vanity were strictly forbidden. The deprivation went hard with many of the patients, particularly the women, and when I came to have a little authority among doctors and nurses I advised a judicious application of looking-glass treatment. I still advise it, both in hospital and private practice, for I find that a little reassurance as to the state of the complexion and appearance is good.

How Authors Wrote.

Alexander Pope, who was the literary pontiff of his time, thought best when in bed. Whenever a thought came to him he would jot it down on a scrap of paper. His servant often found bedclothes and floor covered with white bits containing aphorisms which have now become hackneyed quotations.

Victor Hugo wrote "Les Miserables" standing up, an attitude which Hawthorne also assumed when he wrote many of his romances.

One leg thrown over the arm of a chair or sitting on the arm of his secretary's chair were Napoleon's favorite positions while dictating to Bourrienne, a position which he varied now and then by patting that scribe on the head or pulling his ears.

Sir Walter Scott could while reclining on a lounge dictate to two amanuenses, who frequently had to stop writing, so funny the dictated passages seemed to them.

Balzac, in a monk's robe, frequently wrote from midnight till noon, taking draughts of strong coffee, when drowsiness attacked him, and thus shortening his life by many years, no doubt.

William Morris made one of his famous translation from the Greek while riding on the steam cars. Walt Whitman and Horace Traubel, original in all things, were most original in the position they took while thinking. They were wont, so Mr. Traubel says, to climb upon a pile of lumber and lie down upon their backs. In that way each found out what the other's best thoughts were.—Boston Globe.

"Your honor," said the convicted beggar, "can't you change my sentence of imprisonment to a fine?"

"Suppose I did," said the judge, "where would you get the money to pay it?"

"Oh," replied the convicted beggar, "I could beg a little every day till I had enough."—Chicago Daily News.

Jack—Miss Peachy started to say something about the impropriety of kissing the other evening, but she didn't finish.

Tom—Why not?

Jack—Because I took the words right out of her mouth.—Chicago News.

"Ye-es," hesitated Mr. Justwed, "these biscuits are pretty good, but don't you think there ought to be just a little more—"

"Your mother made them," interrupted Mrs. J., quickly.

"—of them?" ended Mr. J., with a flash of inspiration.—Cleveland Leader.

"And it's awfully impolite to interrupt one who is talking, isn't it, mother?"

"Except when a woman is describing clothes, my dear, and then it is polite to constantly ejaculate, 'How lovely!' or 'How ridiculous!' as the case may be."—Kansas City Times.

"Have you ever had an office boy with a good memory?"

"Yes, the one I have now can tell you the batting and fielding average of every man on the local team and of every first-class player in the league." Chicago Journal.

"Chawlie is determined not to become a slave to the cigawet habit, don't you know."

"How many does he smoke, deah boy?"

"He's confining himself to one every othah week, don't you know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I suppose your constituents ask you a great many questions."

"No," answered Senator Sorghum; "I make the first question serve as the text for a four-hour speech, and then they are afraid to ask any more."—Washington Star.

"Pa—pa—where's the shoe horn, quick!"

"I don't know. What do you want the shoe horn for?"

"Ma's got stuck half way in her new dress and can't get it on or off."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Use the side door," roared the guard of the New York subway train.

"All right, young feller," replied the stranger from west of Hoboken, "I kin use it all right—I'm from a 'dry' town."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

America has now triumphed over Egypt and India in holding what will soon be the largest irrigated tract of desert land in the world. This is what is known as the Twin Falls country in the State of Idaho.

Watchmaker—Your watch seems to be erratic. Have you had it near a powerful magnet?

Customer (confused)—Why I was carriage riding last evening with Miss Bright.—Jewelers' Circular.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Things Worth Knowing.

Grass stains may be removed by saturating in paraffin before washing.

To remove paint from linens rub the cloth with turpentine, then clean with French chalk dampened with alcohol.

Table linen should be dampened thoroughly and ironed until dry. It will then have enough gloss and stiffness to suit the most fastidious.

Furniture polish—two ounces linseed oil, two ounces alcohol, four drops aniline, four drops wintergreen. Put on and rub with a flannel cloth.

To take mildew from linen rub the spot with soap; scrape chalk over it and rub it well; lay it on the grass in the sun; as it dries wet it a little. It will come out with two applications.

To clean furniture, if rough, rub it with powdered pumice. If simply dirty, rub with diluted vinegar, which will cut grease and remove dirt. Then polish with some good furniture polish.

Violets after they have been worn will come out fresh and almost as good as new by clipping the stems without cutting the bouquet apart and putting the flowers into a deep glass of water, covering the heads with waxed paper and setting them in the refrigerator.

Muslin dresses of delicate colors should not be washed with soap. The best fluid to wash them in is rice water, made by boiling one pound of rice to one gallon of water. Reserve a quart of the water for starching; then wash the dress in the remainder. Rinse in clear or slightly blued water; then starch the dress in the remaining quantity of rice water and iron quickly.

Fashion Notes.

Handkerchief linens are being worked into dainty dresses.

Black and white combinations continue to be popular in millinery.

The princess model is welcomed by everybody over into the new season.

In millinery the black hat is striking adjunct of the displays.

A great many ornaments are worn in the hair, but the bands of ribbon or shell or jewelled kind are the most used.

Take a bit of the cross-barred linen or muslin like your frock and make a pretty jabot; embroider it with color and trim with lace.

Many of the new hats, by the way, are cut off at the back in old bonnet fashion. They are usually of more or less poke suggestion.

Birth Month Flowers.

Here is a list of birth month flowers and their significance:

January—Snowdrop, meaning consolation.

February—Primrose, the freshness of early youth.

March—Violet, modesty.

April—Daisy, innocence.

May—Hawthorne, hope.

June—Wildrose, simplicity.

July—Lily, purity.

August—Poppy, the consolation of sleep.

September—Golden rod, stateliness; or morning glory, contentment.

October—Hop vine, signifying joy.

November—Chrysanthemum, cheerfulness.

December—Holly, foresight and protection.

Revival of Garnets.

In the present fancy for old time things, back into favor has come that lately despised stone the garnet. Many of the new brooches shown in this stone are exact copies of the round, many-rowed pins, with a big garnet in the centre and each row decreasing in size, that have been lying in mother's or grandmother's jewel case for years.

The clever girl will hunt through old cases before she buys one of the new pins, as they were very generally owned a generation or two ago.—New York Press.

The health of the eye must be guarded. The girl who reads in a bad light, who does not care whether print is good or bad, who sits in a huddled position, with her head forward, is deliberately spoiling any beauty of eyes she may possess.

A well known chiropodist has given this hint for shoe comfort: "Never wear a shoe that will not permit the great toe to lie in a straight line." Cramping the toes not only gives corns and bunions, but so affects the feet that general misery follows. Never let vanity force you into a shoe too small. The penalty is too steep. It seemed that this particular form of silliness was disappearing, but the recent action of shoe manufacturers insisting on the correct number being placed in shoes, whether women liked it or not, looks as if common sense in footgear still bore cultivating.

A headache is one of the most tormenting ailments that ever visited humanity, and there are hundreds of different reasons for it. Men have headache, but women are the headache race. Headaches are warnings. Shopping headaches, nervous headaches and several other kinds of different sizes, widths, heights and ages warn one of some physical derangement, usually of stomach disorder. A headache is a fire alarm or any of those things that give a warning. It has been learned that headaches have nothing whatever to do with the brain, since the brain keeps actively at work under many distressing spells of headache, but the trouble is due to the anaemic state of the blood, which does not properly feed the nerves of the head.

Sergeant of Royal Irish Constabulary (interviewing new member of the force)—Well, Maginnis, 'tis the fine sthrong fleshy-lookin' fella ye are. Now, if a desprit man attached ye wid a knife an' a pistol, would ye run or fight?

Recruit—Shure, yer honor, I would!

Sergeant—What, ye would?

Recruit—Begorra, I mane I would not sor!

Sergeant—Ah, now that's a betther. G'long wid ye, me Bucko!—Punch.

Hewitt—Will you watch my trunk for a minute?

Jewitt—What do you take me for a chest protector?—N. Y. Press.

Boarding-house Keeper—Susan, will the strawberries go around?

Susan (the servant)—Hardly, mum; there's one strawberry short.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light, adorns and cheers the way.—Goldsmith.

The Mystery of Hollow Ash.

'Twas Deakin Humper's funeral,
An' everything was goin' well;
When them there Templars up in town
On a excursion train came down.

I driv the mourners, an Joe Fresh
He driv the head of the processh;
An' when we neared the railroad track,
We see that train a-comin' back.

Joe turned around an' winked at me
An' from his vest he showed a V;
"I'll bet you those that this here hearse
'Ll cross ahead of that excuse!"

The mourners they set up a yell,
An' then was missin' for a spell;
It was amazin' how that crowd
Cavorted upward in a cloud.

They piled them victims on the sward—
About three-quarters of a cord;
On top they put the deakin's meat,
But where Joe went we all was beat.

I s'arched the pieces of that train,
But all my s'archin' was in vain;
An' to this day it do beat me
Where was the piece that had that V.

—From the Galaxy Magazine of September, 1871.

The Sun, the Wind, and the Rain.

Charles Buxton Going.

The dawn, the wind, and the sun!
Oh, the bright hours of love
When the soft wind blows the scent of the rose,
And the brave sun shines above!

The sun, the rain, and the wind—
Ay, how the strong days go
When the great winds cry aloft in the sky
And the rain but brings the bow!

The dusk, the mist, and the rain;
Ah, the gay twilight brief
When the chill winds strain through the trees in pain
And beat on the fallen leaf.

The calm, the stars, and the night.
And on, for that journey far
When the soul shall find what there lies behind,
And leap to the utmost star.

—From "Star-Glow and Song."

The Question.

Where, oh, where, has my waist line gone?
Where, oh, where, can it be?
With the waist cut short and the waist cut long—
And now it's down to my knee!

—Lucile H. Dole in Puck.

Same Here.

The oldest man in our town
Cannot recall, by heck,
A winter when he got so few
Snowballs in the neck.

—Louisville Herald.

A Sign of the Times.

When Judge W. L. Walls, of Wyoming, was younger—and not so wise—he wrote a poem. It was a humorous poem touching upon political conditions in the City Hall at Buffalo, New York, where he then lived.

With his back against the locked door, he read the poem to a coterie of friends. They all laughed heartily, but none so heartily as the author himself.

Encouraged by their apparent appreciation of his wit, he took the poem to the city editor of a local paper. The editor also laughed with a heartiness which was flattering, but he handed the manuscript back.

"Why—isn't it good?" demanded the poet in surprise.

"Fine!"

"Aren't you going to print it?"

"I'd like to," replied the editor, lowering his voice to a whisper, "but you see, Walls, I've got a wife and children."—June Lippincott's.

Professor Snagg—"Strange, there's been no improvement made in cooking in the last two thousand years. Now, at my boarding-house this morning I had a steak broiled in the regular Pompeian style."

Boggs—"Pompeian style? What do you mean?"

Professor Snagg—"Why, scorched to a cinder on one side and covered with ashes on the other."

An old Scotchwoman was famous for speaking kindly. No sheep was so dark but she could discover some white spot to point out to those who could see only its blackness. One day a gossiping neighbor lost patience with her and said angrily, "Wumman, ye'll hae a guid word to say for the deevil himsel'!"

Instantly came the reply, "Weel, he's a vera industreeous body!"

Mrs. Nurich was in the jewelry store. "Here are some new souvenir spoons we have just got in," said the clerk, placing a tray for her inspection.

"Oh, ain't those lovely!" she exclaimed. "I must have some of those! Our cook makes such lovely souvenir!"—Argonaut.

Automobilist—What advantage has the air ship over the motor car?

Aeronaut—Well, for one thing, you can always be sure of making good time on the return trip.—Smart Set.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

Billiards were invented in France in 1471.

Every woman who suffers from Sick Headache, and who dislikes to take bitter doses, should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are the easiest of all medicines to take. A positive cure for the above distressing complaint; give prompt relief in Dyspepsia and Indigestion; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles. As easy to take as sugar, only one pill a dose. Price 25 cents. If you try them you will not be without them.

Stem winding watches were the invention of Noel in 1851.

That tired, languid feeling and dull headache is very disagreeable. Take two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

The area of the Pacific Ocean is about the same as the earth's land area—i. e., 55,000,000 square miles.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose one pill.

Of the 147,000,000, of Russia's population 100,000,000 are peasants.

All cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought

British Savings Clubs.

The working people of England are great patrons of savings clubs, all sorts of agencies being created to enable them to save money that they may have it to spend during the festive season of the year. There are clubs of all kinds, ranging from the shop club, to which the workingmen contribute, to the little clubs run for the purpose of letting school children have a shilling's worth of sweets for a Christmas treat. There is hardly a workshop of any importance in London without its workmen's saving club, besides which there are many dividing clubs carried on at public houses, and the deposits amount in the aggregate to a very large sum. The withdrawals begin in the early days of December, and it is not uncommon for the banks to pay out £300 ($1,460) to £500 ($2,433) to a single club, and the problem of storing the money is one of some difficulty. As the amounts have to be divided among many people they are wanted in cash, and in some cases the proportion of gold, silver and copper is specified.

Easter Island.

Easter Island is a lonely Pacific islet, forty-seven square miles in area, entirely volcanic and containing several extinct craters, some of which are more than a hundred feet high, discovered by Roggeveen on Easter Sunday, 1722. Little is known concerning the curious remains which have made the island famous. They consist of more than 500 rudely carved stone statues and busts, varying in height from three to seventy feet and said to be portraits of famous men, not idols. There are also hundreds of stone houses on the island, with painted interiors and incised tablets which, strange to say, have never been deciphered. Between 1860 and 1862 the population, by reason of polyandry and emigration, dwindled to 150 souls, and in 1863 most of these were carried off by the Peruvians to work guano. The few inhabitants left are fair haired Polynesians. Since 1888 the island has been a Chilean convict station.—New York Telegram.

Then and Now.

Act I.

Tilkins—How is business, Wilkins?

Wilkins—Can't make it go. At this rate I shall be bankrupt in another month. I don't seem to have any head for business.

Tilkins—No; you haven't. But you have a good start, and if you'll promise to let me run things I'll go in with you as partner.

Wilkins—Done. A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Act II.—Ten Years Later.

Guest—What a magnificent place you have—everything that wealth could buy or heart long for! You have been wonderfully prosperous, Mr. Wilkins.

Mr. Wilkins (sadly)—True, but, after all, I get only half the profits of my great establishment. I tell you, my friend, the mistake of my life was taking a partner.—London Scraps.

Fear of Premature Burial.

The fear of premature burial, which prompted the late Lord Burton to direct by his will that his heart should be removed from his body, has caused many well known men and women to order a surgical operation to be performed upon their bodies. Harriet Martineau left her doctor £10 to amputate her head, and Lady Burton directed that her heart should be pierced with a needle. The late Edmund Yates left instructions that his jugular vein should be severed, with a provision that a fee of 20 guineas should be paid for the purpose. Literary persons appear to have been particularly afraid of premature burial. Bishop Berkeley, Lord Lytton, Hans Andersen and Wilkie Collins all took measures to protect themselves from it.—Westminster Gazette.

Locations of Promotion.

Elzena, aged four, reveled in kindergarten lore and each day imparted to her young mother the many interesting things that the sweet faced teacher had told them. Among the vicissitudes of school life to be encountered was that of vaccination, which was new to the little one. After much explaining and reassuring this difficulty was safely passed. A few weeks later she returned one day from kindergarten in a whirl of excitement, exclaiming: "Mother, mother, I'm going to be promoted! Mother, will I be promoted on my arm or my leg?"—New York Times.

German Way of Serving Asparagus.

When living in Germany we noticed that the asparagus served there was unusually tender and of a much more delicate flavor than that which we got in America. We learned that the Germans do not consider asparagus fit to eat unless the outside skin is scraped from each stalk before cooking. This sounds like slow work, but if a sharp knife is used it can be done quite rapidly and is well worth the trouble.—Good Housekeeping.

Told You So.

"It's the unexpected that always happens."

"Oh, I don't know. Somebody always claims to have predicted it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Poor Doctor.

Hawkins—So you sent for a doctor? Does he think you will be out soon?

Robbins—I imagine so. He said he wished I had sent for him sooner.—Puck.

Silence is too much praised. Nine men out of ten will shun you if you can't or won't talk.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Landlord's Daughter—Did you say, sir, you wanted fried eggs turned and a glass of milk?

Motorist—Yes; eggs turned, and hurry up, sis, or the milk will have turned, too.

"This is said to be the latest song hit in Atchison. "No matter how hungry a horse becomes, it cannot eat a bit."—Kansas City Journal.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 6. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to

MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5 1909.

NOTES.

SHERBURNE—Wm. (5) Sherburne (Col. Benj. (4), Thomas (3), John (2), John (1)) of Wrentham, Mass., was b in Newport, R. I., Dec 25, 1760, and died there Sept 15, 1846.

He was a Revolutionary soldier. He married Sally, dau of Whipple Lovett, of Cumberland. She was b Jan 29, 1767, d Dec 4, 1853, ag 90. (Register, vol 18, p 186. Wrentham record.)

Their children were:

1. Lucy (6), b Aug 10, 1789, d Aug 10, 1856, m Darius Cook, of Attleboro, Mass., and had 14 children.
2. Amey (6), b Ap 26, 1791, d Jan 29, 1822, unmarried.
3. Henry (6), b June 6, 1793, d Aug 31, 1863, of Prov. R. I.; md Marietta Paine of Providence. Children were: Abby (7), m Saml. Peirce of Providence. Charlotte (7) m Charles Pike, and had Henrietta (8) Sherburne. Frances (7). Katherine (7).
4. Nancy, (6) b May 16, 1795, d Aug 18, 1879; m Silas Metcalf of Sheldonville, Mass. Children: Silas H. (7) Metcalf, Boston. Robert (7) Metcalf, Boston.
5. Sally (6) b July 18, 1797, d Aug 1864, m Geo. A. Gilmore, and had 4 children.
6. Eleanor (6) b Mar. 9, 1800, d July 22, 1868 at Franklin, Mass, ag 68, unmarried. (Franklin, Mass., records)
7. Wm. Jr., (6) b Mar. 30, 1802, d Jan. 31, 1885 (Wrentham records), of Wrentham; md Lydia Arnold Jenckes, b 1800, d 1876. Children:
   1. Rhoda Maria, (7) b July 10, 1830, m Oct. 29, 1851, Wm. N. Cook of Woonsocket, R. I.
   2. Eliza, (7) b Oct. 7, 1833, m 1854, Charles Grant.
   3. Alice Jane, (7) b Ap 26, 1835, d 1838.
   4. Wm. Jenckes, (7) b Dec. 27, 1837, d Nov. 5, 1872.
   5. Alice Alma, (7) b June 18, 1840, d. 1863.
   6. Marion Lydia, (7) bap Ap 11, 1843, d July 1, 1896.
   8. George, (6) b Mar 12, 1804, d June 17, 1876, of Bellingham, Mass., m May 30, 1833, Abigail, b 1810, d. 1892, dau of Capt. Alpheus and Betsey Thayer, of Bellingham. Children:
   1. Frederick A., (7) b July 15, 1834, of Milford, Mass., m Jan 28, 1862, Diadama Chilson, of Bellingham. No issue.
   2. Lewis, (7) b 1837, d 1839.
   3. Mary E., (7) b Ap 5, 1839, d Mar 10, 1872, md 1861, Saml. A. Adams of Bellingham.
   4. Abby J., (7) b May 10, 1841, m Feb 27, 1864, Henry M. Rockwood of West Medway, Mass.
   5. Geo. A., (7) b May 14, 1844, of Milford, Mass., m Helen O. Cole of Wrentham.
   6. Inez L., (7) b Sept 8, 1847, d 1899, unmarried.
   7. Edgar A., (7) b Dec 29, 1849, d 1896.
   8. Henry F., (7) b Mar 14, 1852, of Woodville, Mass., m 1880, Henrietta Temple of Woodville, Mass. No issue.
   9. Eliza (6) b Aug 17, 1806, d Aug 1, 1864, m Bradbury C. Hill.
   10. Cornelia (6), b Aug 21, 1810, d Nov 23, 1871, m Lilbeus C. Tourtelotte of Smithfield, Mass.
   11. James (6) L., b May 29, 1813, d Ap 1, 1886, of Prov. R. I., m Nov 1835, Nancy Bowen of Prov. She d Sept 19, 1890. Children were:
   1. Eleanor (7) M., b Sept 8, 1837, m Nov 20, 1867 Jacob B. Handy.
   2. Geo. L. (7), b Feb 10, 1839, d Nov 27, 1888.
   3. Anna E. (7), b Mar 28, 1840, d June 22, 1890.
   4. Leander J. (7), b Jan 2, 1844, m Ap 1861, Louisa Clarke, and had Leander C. (8), b 1863.
   5. Charlotte A. (7), b Dec 5, 1845, m 1865, Alexander Buchanan.
   6. Frank W. (7) b Sept 1848, m Dec 2, 1871, Cora Rounds.
   7. Walter H. (7) b Ap 19, 1851, m Sept 1873, Emma Capelle.
   8. Howard E., b Nov 5, 1860.—E. M. T.

REVOLUTIONARY SERVICES OF HENRY SHEARMAN, JR.

Born in South Kingstown, R. I., 31st March, 1759.

Died in North Kingstown, R. I., 8th April, 1829.

He was the third son of Henry and Ann Shearman.

Appointed Ensign of Colonel Henry Sherburne's "Additional" Regiment Continental Infantry 1st September, 1777, he was on the 2nd May, 1780, transferred formally with the non-commissioned officers and privates of his Regiment who were from Rhode Island to the 2nd Regiment Rhode Island Continental Infantry (Col. Israel Angell) although absent at the time as prisoner of war.

Promoted to be Lieutenant 2 Rhode Island, 30th December, 1780, he was on the 1st January, 1781, transferred to the 1st Regiment Rhode Island Continental Infantry (Col. Chr. Greene) on incorporation of his own Regiment with it at West Point.

Placed on "waiting orders" by reason of juniority 15th June, 1783 at Saratoga, he was honorably discharged the service, 3rd November, 1783, and settled in South Kingstown, Rhode Island.

He was in Major General John Sullivan's Campaign before Newport and in the Battle of Rhode Island; on detached duty at Tiverton, Rhode Island, May 1778; Staten Island Expedition under Major General Lord Stirling, 15-16 January, 1780; affair at Paramus, New Jersey 16th April, 1780 in which a detachment of his Regiment was engaged. He was here wounded and taken prisoner and not exchanged until 10th November, 1780.

Major Thomas L. Byles, 3rd Pennsylvania Continental Infantry commanded the Post, garrisoned by about 200 Continentals, which was attacked just after sunrise by a party of the Enemy's horse which had eluded the pickets.

Lieutenant Shearman and another subaltern officer threw themselves into the Majors' Quarters and assisted in the defence. According to the report of the affair he "displayed great activity and bravery." Major Byles was mortally wounded and the total loss of the Americans in killed, wounded and prisoners, was seven officers and about forty rank and file.

He was subsequently at the Siege and Capture of Yorktown, Va., and Capitulation of Lieutenant-General Earl Cornwallis' Army and in the Expedition under Lieutenant Colonel Condit, Marinus Willett, from Fort Herkimer to Fort Oswego, 8th-13th February, 1783.

Appointed Lieutenant 3rd Regiment United States Infantry (Lieut. Col. Comdt. David Humphreys) 20th October, 1786, he was honorably discharged with his Regiment 21st April, 1787.

Subsequently appointed by President Washington, Lieutenant 2nd Regiment United States Infantry 4th March, 1791, he resigned the commission 27th August 1791.

He became an Original Member of the Rhode Island State Society of the Cincinnati, 6th July, 1784.—E. M. T.

QUERIES.

6516. PECKHAM—Who was Mary, wife of Samuel Peckham, of Middletown, R. I.? He was born Oct. 7, 1719. Their son Levi was born April 17, 1763, married, Sept. 24, 1780, Sarah Tripp, born Aug. 8, 1760. Sarah Tripp was daughter of Samuel and Catherine (Jenckes) Tripp.—M. M.

6517. WARD—Who was Joseph Ward of Portsmouth, R. I., who was deceased in 1792, when his daughter, Bathsheba Sherman Ward, married Jonathan Coggeshall?—F. W.

6518. CORY—Can any one give me a list of children of Samuel and Jemima (Cary) Cory, of Portsmouth, married Aug. 2, 1781? He was a Revolutionary soldier.—L. S.

6519. ARMSTRONG—Who was Capt. Nathaniel Armstrong, who married Lucy Champlin, daughter of Robert, of South Kingstown, R. I., 1785? Why was he called Captain?—P. C.

Middletown.

Aquidneck Grange entertained a detail from the Lawton-Warren Post of Newport at its regular meeting last week. The program was carried out, to the general satisfaction of every one present. Commander James H. Hampton presided, and various members of the Grand Army spoke upon many of the interesting features of the war and of army life. Various recitations were also given interspersed with War songs. Mr. Karl M. Stone, baritone soloist of Newport, accompanied by Mr. C. Le Roy Grinnell, gave a number of musical selections which were heartily encored. Perhaps nothing more stirred the hearts of the listeners than the account given by Comrade Peter D. Melville of his incarceration in Andersonville Prison when he was 18 years of age. Past Commander Wm. H. Durfee, who was present, was also a prisoner of war. The Grand Army men included Commander Hampton, Senior Vice Commander Wm. S. Slocum, Junior Vice Commander Geo. A. Pritchard, Adjutant Wm. P. Smith, Past Commanders Wm. S. Bailey, Edwin H. Tilley, Chas. H. Clarke, Wm. H. Durfee; Chaplain John T. Delano, and Comrades Peter D. Melville, Wm. H. Crandall, Overton G. Langley, Geo. R. Smith, George Hammond and Frank P. Gomes.

The closing meeting of the Oliphant Reading Club for the season was held with Mrs. Edward W. Thurston near Melville Station on Friday last and was largely attended. This being the annual meeting a report was heard of the year's work by the Secretary, Mrs. Philip Wilbor. According to the constitution, two officers are to be elected each two years and owing to the resignation of the president, (after serving one year) Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham was appointed to succeed her. Miss Sarah I. Chase should have been re-elected for 2 years as treasurer but being absent, this will be done in the fall. The vice president, Mrs. Elbert Sisson and the secretary Mrs. Philip Wilbor continue in their office for another year.

The program committee was appointed as follows; Mrs. Edward W. Thurston, Mrs. John R. Coggeshall, Mrs. Thomas J. Sweet, Miss Lizzie Chase, Miss Etta M. Sherman. The Club picnic is to be held at the Stewart Farm, Chase's Lane, the latter part of June or early in July. Delegates were appointed from this club to attend the annual meeting of the Rhode Island State Federation of Women's Clubs to be held at the Pomham Club June 12. These included Mrs. Clara E. Dennis and Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham with Mrs. Philip Wilbor and Miss Lizzie Chase as alternates. The grounds about the approach to the town house are being graded and a circular drive is being laid out which will add much to the appearance of the building as well as being a convenience to those who drive in.

The newly elected officers of the Epworth League were installed at the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday evening by the pastor, Rev. Clayton E. Delamater. The members of the League Cabinet took their obligation of office before the chancel rail in the following order: President Miss Hattie E. Brown; first vice pres., Dept. of Spiritual Work, Miss Sarah I. Peckham; second vice pres., Dept. Mercy and Help, Mrs. Ida M. Brown; third vice pres., Dept. of Literary Work, Mrs. Clayton E. Delamater; fourth vice pres. Dept: Social Work, Mrs. Wm. J. Peckham; secretary M. May Ward; treasurer, Miss Ida B. Brown.

At the afternoon service Rev. E. Talmage Root of Providence, secretary of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Asso. for the Federation of churches, was the speaker. The congregations throughout the day included many former members of the parish who had returned to spend Sunday and Memorial Day in Middletown.

Mr. Prescott Molden, Jr., who has been spending the past two weeks in Philadelphia, returned Monday. The entire trip was made by motorcycle. Mr. Molden was entertained by Mr. James White who for many years resided in Middletown.

White Enamel Furniture.

Cool, clean, summery—no other finish adds so much to the beauty of the bedroom. Not a thing you'd ask for that isn't here and the stock's about perfect. Littler priced than poor ones elsewhere—our buying makes that possible.

Bureaus with drawers finished inside and large swinging mirror $10.50

Dressing Tables, very commodious, with large mirror $12.00

Chiffonier full size, with 5 large drawers, with or without mirror From $7.50

Wardrobes very roomy, and with drawer in base $20.00

It's Fresh Air For Baby.

That means a baby carriage for you and a sale for us if you intend to buy it right. 40 patterns of the best baby carriages built. Full of style, full of comfort for the little one. Every sort you know. From $2.25

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225-229 THAMES STREET, - NEWPORT, R. I.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.

For Your Own Convenience

Stop calling telephone numbers from memory.

This practice is the cause of wrong connections being made and consequent dissatisfaction and annoyance.

USE YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY and help us to give good service.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

NEWPORT, R. I. 142 SPRING STREET

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE.

Tiverton Saloons Closed.

[Fall River News]

All saloons at the state line and in Tiverton were prevented from opening their doors Memorial day as the result of orders issued from the board of police of Tiverton shortly after 10 o'clock Saturday night and communicated to the several proprietors through Town Sergeant Manchester and his officers. The orders came like a thunderbolt from the sky, as great preparations had been made for the supplying of a large number of patrons with liquors. The orders emanated after a special meeting of the police board, which was held Saturday night lasting until almost 10 o'clock. Town Sergeant Manchester received the result of the meeting at 10.07 and directly notified the saloon keepers of the decision of the board.

All day Saturday there was a big business at the line and notices were posted in conspicuous places with the statement that the saloons would open all day Monday, calling especial attention to Fall River patrons. This with such notices posted and the large supply of liquor that they had on hand to cope with the expected traffic the saloon keepers were slightly dazed when they received the orders to close their doors on Monday. It was about 10:30 when they finally awoke to the fact that they would be unable to keep ope , and then it was too late to notify many who were not intending to get a large stock for over the holiday. Those who were in the saloons at that time, however, made provisions for Monday and secured all that they would need.

There is nothing more amusing than the manner in which a man drops into social obscurity as soon as he gets married.

COVERED 850 MILES

Zeppelin's New Airship Then Comes to Grief by Striking a Tree

Goeppingen, June 1.—After covering a distance of about 850 miles in thirty-seven hours, Count Zeppelin's new airship, on its return trip from Bitterfeld to Friedrichshafen, came to grief in an open field near here Monday. In manoeuvring for a landing the airship came into contact with a tree, and its position is very dangerous.

The envelope had been torn and the prow is broken, so that considerable time must elapse before the journey can be continued.

The position of the craft is extremely unfavorable, the ground being very hilly. The bow rests on the ground, while the stern is about sixty-five feet in the air.

That the collision was a heavy one is indicated by the broken and bent strips of aluminum lying about the ground and the half split branches dangling from the tree trunk.

WANTS BINGHAM REMOVED

Gaynor's Charges Against Police Commissioner Being Investigated

New York, June 3.—Sitting as a magistrate in private session, Mayor McClellan began an investigation today of charges made by Supreme Court Justice Gaynor against Police Commissioner Bingham of this city.

The case of George Duffy, 19 years old, who, Gaynor complains, was repeatedly arrested by the police on baseless charges, will be first taken up, and later testimony in general regarding Bingham's conduct in office will be heard.

In his letter to the mayor Gaynor in effect asks for Bingham's removal.

THE ISLAND SAVINGS BANK.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Corporation of this bank, for the election of trustees for the year ensuing, will be held at the banking rooms of the National Exchange Bank on Wednesday, June 16, 1909, at 8 o'clock p. m. GEORGE H. PROUD, Secretary.

6-5-2w

CITY OF NEWPORT.

Notice to Registry Voters.

ALL PERSONS who are required to register their names in order to vote in this city during the present year are reminded that they must register in person at the City Clerk's Office, before 9 o'clock p. m., Wednesday, June 30, 1909.

The office is open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., daily, and for the accommodation of those who cannot attend in the day time, it will be open evenings as follows:

Tuesday, June 1; Thursday, June 3; Saturday, June 5; Monday, June 7; Wednesday, June 9; Saturday, June 12; Monday, June 14; Wednesday, June 16; Saturday, June 19; Monday, June 21; and on every evening from Wednesday, June 23, to Wednesday, June 30 (except Sundays).

On all of the above named days the office will be open from 9 o'clock a. m. to 9 o'clock p. m.

The Deputy City Clerk will be at the First Ward Room Friday, June 11; at the Second Ward Room Tuesday June 15; at the Third Ward Room Thursday, June 17; at the Fourth Ward Room Friday, June 18; and at the Fifth Ward Room Tuesday, June 22, from 7 to 9 o'clock p. m.

F. N. FULLERTON, City Clerk.

6-5-1w

BARNEY'S PERFECTION PIANO POLISH

Good for Pianos or fine furniture.

EASY TO APPLY

It's only a quarter a bottle.

Barney's

Music Store

154 Thames Street

FALL RIVER LINE FOR NEW YORK

—THE—

SOUTH & WEST

Palatial Steamers

COMMONWEALTH and PRISCILLA

In commission,

Orchestra and Wireless Telegraphy on each.

FROM NEWPORT—Leave week days 9.15 p. m. Sundays at 10.00 p. m. Due New York 7.00 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave Pier 19, North River, foot of Warren Street, week days and Sundays 5.30 p. m., due at Newport 2.30 a. m., leave Newport 3.45 a. m., due Fall River, 8.00 a. m.

Tickets and staterooms at New York & Boston Despatch Express office, 272 Thames street, J. I. Greene, Ticket Agent.

THE NEW ENGLAND NAVIGATION COMPANY.

C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.
F. C. COLEY, A. G. P. A., New York.

If You Are Planning A Vacation

You Will Want This Book

More than a thousand summering places in the most charming sections of New England are mentioned in this book.

It tells the vacation seeker what the trip from New York or Boston to anyone of these places will cost.

It contains a list of the best hotels and boarding cottages and their rates. Other information that will prove equally helpful to the summer tourist is contained in this

Manual of Summer Resorts

Superb service on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Choose anyone of the charming spots in the territory served by this railroad and you will have more vacation enjoyment than you ever had before.

A copy of the Manual of Summer Resorts will be sent for two-cent stamp by A. B. Smith, General Passenger Agent, Room 131 New Haven, Conn.

Other summer publications issued by this railroad include:

Quaint Cape Cod, Narragansett Pier, Buzzards Bay, Watch Hill, Nantucket, North Shore of Long Island Sound, In the Berkshire Hills

Either book sent upon receipt of two-cent stamp.

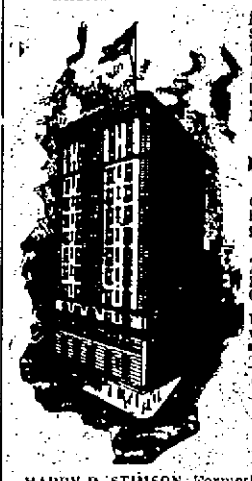
New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company.

5-20

Hotel Cumberland

NEW YORK

BROADWAY AT 57TH STREET



Near 50th St. Subway Station, 53d St. Elevated and all surface lines.

Near Depots, Shops and Central Park

New & Fireproof

Strictly First Class. Rates Reasonable. $2.50 with bath, and up.

All Hardwood Floors and Oriental Rugs

Ten minutes' walk to 20 Theatres.

Excellent Restaurant Prices moderate.

Send for booklet

HARRY P. STIMSON, Formerly with Hotel Imperial.
R. J. BINGHAM, Formerly with Hotel Woodward.

Only New York Hotel window-screened throughout.

5-29-1f

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

STATE BOARD —OF— PUBLIC ROADS.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED PROPOSALS for the construction of sections of State highway in the following towns:

	Miles
Hopkinton and Richmond,	2½
Richmond and Charlestown,	1½
Richmond,	2
Narragansett,	2
Westerly,	3
South Kingstown,	3
North Kingstown,	3
West Greenwich,	3
Coventry,	3
Warwick (Apponaug),	1½
Warwick (Riverpoint),	1½
East Greenwich,	1½
Little Compton,	3
Jamestown,	2
Barrington,	3½
North Providence,	1½
Glocester and Burrillville,	6
East Providence,	1
Cumberland and Lincoln,	3

Will be received by the State Board of Public Roads at its office, State House, Providence, R. I., until 12 m., on WEDNESDAY, June 2, 1909, at which time and place they will be publicly opened and read.

Bids must be made upon blanks to be furnished by the Board.

No bids will be received unless accompanied by a certified check for the sum of $200, payable to the State of Rhode Island.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids, and to give preference to towns or cities in accordance with Section 5 of Chapter 182 of the Public Laws.

Plans, specifications and drawings may be examined at the office of the State Board of Public Roads, at the State House, Providence, R. I., on and after WEDNESDAY, May 26, 1909, every week day, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m., excepting Saturdays and holidays.

JOHN H. EDWARDS,
ROBERT B. TREAT,
FREDERICK E. PERKINS,
WILLIAM G. PEURIAM,
JOHN F. RICHMOND,
State Board of Public Roads.

5-22-3w

OLDSMOBILE.

The Olds Motor Works

have cancelled their Agency with the

Davis Auto Co., of Providence,

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Pa—"It's a plank the gang has inserted in the party platform, my son." Chicago Daily News.

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State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

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